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Family Histories

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ELIZABETH MCALLISTER MACLEOD

Revised Biography, dated March 9, 1975

By Louis Stocklmeir

One of West Side's most outstanding women pioneers endowed with determination, boundless energy, and the knowledge and experience gained and absorbed from the association with peoples of two continents was Elizabeth McAllister MacLeod.

Born October 8, 1847, New Monkland, Lanarkshire, Scotland, the third child of John McAllister and Elizabeth (Speirs) McAllister, she encountered her first occasion of sadness, her father, Superintendent of Engines servicing in the coal mines, died when Elizabeth was twelve years old.

The family owned a farm and it was this fortunate circumstance which launched and prepared Elizabeth for the later events of the successful life which she best loved, horses and farming through all its intricate phases.

Finishing her education with dedicated zeal, she followed however as would be anticipated, the path of roses and at the age of twenty-one married Edward MacLeod, a native from Dunfrieshire, Scotland. His mother and father came from the Isle of Skye. Edward, in 1872, envisioning better opportunities, decided to travel to that distant land of promise, California, settling in Somersville, Contra Costa County. Elizabeth followed him in 1873 with their two children, James and Elizabeth Speirs.

Edward MacLeod, as his father-in-law before him, was identified with stationary engines and held such a position at the coal mines in Somersville.

Somersville was California's coal-producing center from 1848 to 1885 until depletion and rising costs of mining closed down the operations. It has its own historical background.

At Somersville, two more children were born, a son, John, who died at the age of six months and a daughter, Winifred, who married Augustus Schoenheit of San Jose, and who later made their home on a beautiful large horticultural parcel on the north side of Stevens Creek Road, a short distance eastward from the ranch home of Winifred's mother, Elizabeth MacLeod.

In 1878 Edward and Elizabeth MacLeod left Somersville and located their new home on a few acres on Quito Road next to the old San Tomas School, situated at the corner of Quito and Pollard Roads.

In 1881, this property was sold and Elizabeth bought fifty acres of grazing land from Peter Doyle, a Santa Clara County pioneer of 1849, during 1881 and 1885.

With little to expect in the way of income from the newly purchased property, this pioneering lady planted, grew, harvested and marketed tons of pumpkins to meet expenses. Some of these doubtless were sold to Doyle who raised swine on a commercial basis.

Turning to more permanent and greater income producing products, she changed to viticulture and was very unfortunate in this venture in that beginning in 1895 the Phylloxera mite decimated most vineyards in Santa Clara Valley, including hers.

She then turned to deciduous fruit trees (she was one of four organizers of California Prune and Apricot Growers, Inc.), planting principally prunes, apricots, and peaches, and established in time one of the finest and most productive orchards in Santa Clara Valley. Her attainment of high recognition in the field of horticulture was a model for others to emulate.

Mrs. MacLeod's two-story commodious home, well-maintained, no longer exists. As is too often the case in the name of progress and the exploding population, it also was guillotined by the subdividers' bulldozer blade despite the great care exercised by the builder years before giving it extra strength and durability.

Additional notes by the author...

The Cupertino Union School District was launched during the year of 1917. The first school opened in 1920. From a single school it increased gradually to its present 42 units with an attendance of 25,000 pupils.

Prior to its establishment the West Side-Cupertino Area was served by four individual country schools, all under county supervision, widely separated. These schools were known as San Antonio - 1867, Collins - 1869, Lincoln - 1865, and Doyle - 1882. Each school was an independent unit and the teacher of each school was individually responsible to the County Superintendent of Schools. These schools were established at early dates as you will note, under Public School Act of 1855.

Although the Doyle School, named after Peter H. Doyle, was in its initial formative stages in 1882, it was not until July 11, 1885 that Peter H. Doyle actually signed a deed with reversionary rights finally transferring one acre of his property situated at the southeast corner of Stevens Creek Road and Doyle Roads in the Doyle Tract to Trustees William Holborn, Perry Collins, and A. J. Bollinger and that conveyance to the Board of Trustees actually took place after the school had been built and occupied for some time.

It was prior to this school property transfer that Mrs. MacLeod purchased fifty acres of grazing land adjoining the school property. Greatly interested in the educative processes, she quickly became involved by becoming one of its earliest trustees.

Elizabeth MacLeod was a very determined lady as the following incidents indicate:

Peter Doyle had a pedigreed trotter named "Summit" purchased from Senator Stanford's stables. Elizabeth MacLeod made it quite plain to Mr. Doyle that if he wanted to sell the fifty acres to her, he would have to contribute this fine horse with the property purchased as well. He finally agreed. She was an astute business woman.

Often she drove her horse and buggy to Marin County to buy hay, also to Contra Costa County to visit friends, long distances in those early days over rough and rugged roads.

Once when two of her ranch hands were observed stealing some personal property from her, she held them spellbound with her steady wrathful gaze and with her pistol held in an unwavering right hand, kept them subdued until the sheriff took the pair into custody.

Another incident in her career was in reference to her contest with the Peninsular Electric right-of-way across her property, adjacent to Stevens Creek Road. Some owners were donating their right-of-way to the company, others were accepting small sums. Elizabeth had her own thought on how much her property was worth which was in the amount of $3000. The railroad company would not concur with this figure and prepared to carry the case further by making surveys without her permission.

She, being a very astute person, with great experience, moved a small subsidiary building on to the proposed right-of-way which was to cross her property and let it be known that she intended to sleep in it with her shotgun. This action on her part soon became known throughout the entire county and everyone was wary about the matter of trespass.

However, having an important reception to attend in San Jose one evening, at which time she was absent from her home, she placed a kerosene oil lamp, through various small apertures shed light on her surrounding property.

A day or so later the right-of-way agent approached her and told her the railroad had a change of mind on the subject but could not give her $3000, however thet would give her $2,975, which she accepted. Thus as happened in the days of the Civil War when another lady, Barbara Frietchie, said to the Confederate General, "Shoot, if you must, this old grey head, but spare your Country's Flag," Elizabeth

gained her point. This little incident quite aptly illustrates the strong Scot determination of this unusual pioneer woman of the early West Side-Santa Clara Era.

In the early days of Santa Clara Valley's water history, the water table before its depletion was but a short depth (less than 100 feet) below ground surface. Irrigation pumps driven by steam engines brought water to the ground surface. Mrs. MacLeod often descended the shaky pit ladders to grease the shaft bearings, a dangerous procedure.

(Submitted by Helen Schoenheit Moore, Elizabeth MacLeod's granddaughter)

P.S. Two others who are Cupertino pioneers are Elizabeth MacLeod's daughters - Elizabeth Speirs MacLeod and Winifred MacLeod Schoenheit.

The Edward MacLeod Family

By Henrietta Marcotte

(Excerpted from "Roots". Cupertino Scene, February 1990)

Elizabeth MacLeod, who came to California from her native Scotland, was a person of boundless energy, independence and determination. She was born Elizabeth McAllister on Oct. 8, 1847 in Lanarkshire. In 1868 she married Edward MacLeod.

Feeling there were better opportunities in California, Edward came here in the latter part of 1872 and settled in Somersville (Contra Costa County) as a stationary engineer in the coal mines. His wife followed in 1873 with a 3-year-old son, James, and Elizabeth, six months old.

Mrs. MacLeod was ill coming across the United States. One day when she was resting, the train stopped on the Plains. When asked what the stop was for, she was told "to bury the baby." Mrs. MacLeod asked whose baby and was told "your baby." She lifted up Elizabeth who immediately opened her eyes. Two more children were born in Somersville, a son who only lived six months and Winifred who later married A.A. Schoenheit.

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JOHN P. MARDESICH FAMILY

Historical Review

Patriarch of the family John P. Mardesich was born in Yugoslavia on the small island of Vis in the community of Komiza. He migrated to the United States in 1920. He and his cousin Visko Mardesich were both sponsored by their uncle, Ivan Mardesich, who was already residing in Cupertino. John lived in Cupertino for four years before deciding to try his hand at commercial fishing out of San Pedro, California. He fished from 1924-1938. It was during this time he met and married Margaret Bozanich, originally from Anacortes, Washington. They were married in San Pedro, California in 1931.

In 1938 he and his wife had saved enough money to purchase their first piece of land, a five acre apricot orchard, a 1/4 of a mile from Fremont corners locally known as the Dowling Ranch. This was their home until John's death in 1963. Margaret stayed on until the ranch was sold in 1970. She still resides in Cupertino.

Three sons were born to Margaret and John in San Pedro. Oldest son Nick and wife Barbara live in Los Altos. Both their son Michael and daughter Connie reside with their spouses in Cupertino. Middle son John and wife Jolene reside in Cupertino. They have three sons. Their oldest John and family live in Ben Lomond, middle son Joseph and family live in Cupertino, while youngest son Richard and his family live in San Jose. Margaret's and John's youngest son Joseph and wife Carol make their home in Monte Sereno. Their son Joseph, Jr. has a home in the Evergreen area of San Jose and their daughter Lisa and her family live in Pleasanton.

Margaret, in addition to raising her family and helping in the orchard, also worked for the Mariani Co. from 1950-1959. She is a member of St. Joseph's Catholic Church, YLI Maureen Institute and Cupertino Federated Women's Club. In 1987 she received the Outstanding Achievement Award for Civic Service awarded by the City of Cupertino. The recognition was given for her volunteer services to battered women, the handicapped, convalescent hospitals and community services in Cupertino and other Santa Clara County areas.

When asked to recall her favorite memory of the orchard, she said there were many, but receiving the first local certificate after WWII from the Office of Price Administration entitling the family Government priority to purchase a new 1946 11/2 ton Chevy truck was certainly at the top of her list. The purchase of the truck reduced the number of loads of fruit delivered to the cannery or dehydrator each day. She recalls how thrilled her oldest son Nick was because he would be driving the shiny red truck to the cannery or to the dehydrator. Nick was only 14 years old, but at that time a 14 year old could get a license for farm related work.

Nick Joe John and Cousin Betty

Pictured above are the three sons of Margaret and John (Nick, Joe, John and Betty) with their cousin Betty Ann Mardesich Van Dyke.

All three sons graduated from Cupertino Grammar School, Fremont High School and San Jose State University.

Nick was employed for 22 years as a controller for Hewlett-Packard in Palo Alto. He and his brothers now operate Mardesich Company which owns and develops shopping centers. One of their properties is Cupertino Crossroads Shopping Center which sits on land once owned by the Archie Wilson Family.

Nick remembers wanting to continue farming with his dad. however, his father preferred that he go to college, so a bargain was struck. His father would buy him the tractor he wanted to expand their orchard operations if he still wanted to be a farmer once he finished college. Although he never lost his love for farming, by the time he finished college he was married and was soon working on an executive training program with Crocker Bank prior to being drafted into the Navy during the Suez crisis. He served 21 months before returning to Cupertino and joining Hewlett-Packard. Farming became his advocation, not his vocation and no tractor was purchased.

Nick's wife, Barbara, born in Belen, New Mexico, is a long time volunteer in Sunnyvale, Cupertino and Los Altos. She has worked for the American Heart Association, El Camino Hospital, Rotary RYLA Camp, DeAnza College, Montclaire Elementary, Cupertino Junior High, Homestead High School and St. Simon's Catholic Church in Los Altos. She was Homestead's first coordinator of Career-Business Education Day. She also helped with the 1984 Olympics, first as Assistant Personnel Officer and then as Youth Coordinator.

Barbara tells of planning her wedding between cherry and apricot seasons only to have cherries arrive late and apricots early, so the wedding had to be rescheduled between apricots and prunes. They were the first couple to be married in Cupertino's "new" St. Joseph's Catholic Church in 1953.

Middle son, John, also served in the Navy. He and his brother Nick served together on the same ship, the USS St. Paul. John served two years with the Navy. It was during this time that he met his future wife, Jolene. They were married in San Pedro in 1958. He was employed by R.J. Reynolds Company for 28 years before he left in 1985. He now spends a good deal of time with Mardesich Company, grandfathering his seven grandchildren and enjoying golf and fishing.

Recalling orchard days, John tells of one particular prune season, 40 days long, where no outside pickers were available so the family picked all 20 acres of prunes themselves. In order to get as much picking time in each day, they drove to the orchard in the dark and picked by the lights of the truck for the first hour of each day until the sun rose. They would pick until dark and then they still had to load, take the fruit to the cannery or the dehydrator and put out boxes for the next day. John used this boyhood story to motivate his sons to work hard and do well in school. He still tells the tale when talking about the "good old days".

John's wife Jolene is a native of San Pedro, California. She attended Reno School of Cosmetology in Long Beach. She is currently an active volunteer with the Santa Clara County SPCA. Jolene remembers with fondness the orchard days when her children were able to follow their dad and granddad through the seasons from irrigating, pruning, picking and cutting cots. These were all new activities for a "city girl" and she enjoyed the change.

Joe, John & Margaret

John, Margaret & Sons

1938

Youngest son, Joseph, worked for several firms following his college graduation including the City of Sunnyvale where he met his wife to be. Joe joined the Air Force Reserves in December of 1958 for an eight year obligation. It was reduced to six years due to his being called up for active duty during the Cuban Crisis. He then joined Hewlett-Packard in Palo Alto and was employed in their finance department for ten years. He also was employed by Nitron in Cupertino, Acuson in Mt. View and Insystems in San Jose where he was Vice-President of Finance. Since 1987, Joe spends more time with Mardesich Company. Joe enjoys gardening, fishing, helping his children with projects, horse-racing, and traveling when time permits.

When asked about his orchard memories he said what he remembers most was starting school one or two weeks later than his classmates because he was needed at home to finish picking the prune crop. School didn't seem so bad after 40 long days of picking prunes from the ground.

Joe's wife, Carol, daughter of Anton and Ann (Musladin) Colendich of Cupertino also attended Cupertino Grammar School and Fremont High School. Carol did much modeling in the area and in 1957 she was chosen MISS CUPERTINO. She and Joe were married in 1961 at St. Joseph's Catholic Church in Cupertino. They made Cupertino their home for six years before moving to Monte Sereno. Carol has volunteered at Good Samaritan Hospital, St. Mary's Catholic Church in Los Gatos, Daves Avenue School, Los Gatos High School, Village House in Los Gatos and the League of Eastfield Ming Quong. What Carol remembers most and best about the orchard was selling the properties so her husband would have more time to spend with their young children. Now both Joe and Carol have time to spend with their only grandchild, Amanda, which they both enjoy.

Only four of John Mardesich's grandchildren were born before he died, but all seven have fond memories of their young years in the orchards with their fathers.

Michael tells of his dad putting him in charge of gopher patrol. He was given a prop or a shovel and told to watch the hole until a gopher appeared, then to use the prop to eradicate the pesty problem. Of course no gophers were killed and Mike now knows he was given this job to keep him busy while his father was working.

John recalls riding with his grandfather from orchard to orchard checking blossoms and fruit. He also remembers the "apricot fights" he and his cousins had with the fruit thinned from the trees.

Joe's fondest memories are of the "fun" times spent picking and loading boxes with his cousins. He also remembers the first time he was allowed to stay up all night and "help" with the irrigating.

Rick remembers building forts out of trays and boxes in the back of the orchard. He also recalls a pet jack rabbit they rescued after the tractor dug up its home. They nursed it to adulthood then released it, but it kept coming back for months.

Joseph, Jr. most remembers stacking boxes on the truck with his cousins and then taking turns with them riding to the cannery with their fathers.

Rick John Michael Joe Joseph

Lisa

Connie

Lisa's remembrances revolve around the pickers and how they lived with their families in the back of the garages during apricot season. They use to cook over an open camp fire and sing even after a long day of work. She also remembers Grandma Margaret's dog Rick and how quickly he would devour a can of dog food.

Connie most remembers cutting apricots in the shed behind the main house. All the grandchildren were expected to put in some time cutting cots. One season, when she was five, Connie cut her finger on the first day and recalls her Grandmother teased her that she had done it on purpose to get out of work. Connie maintains she really didn't, but might have if she had thought of it.

Other memories:

Swimming in the main irrigation ditch

Flooding the neighbors yard when a ditch broke while irrigating

Punching tickets to record the number of buckets each worker picked - each family member took turns punching (one punch for each bucket picked)

Putting the cots in and out of the sulpher house for drying

Scraping dried cots from the trays

Competing with the pickers for punches - they would try to get as many punches in a season as the pickers would get in a day

Great memories of fireworks displays in the orchard on the Fourth of July

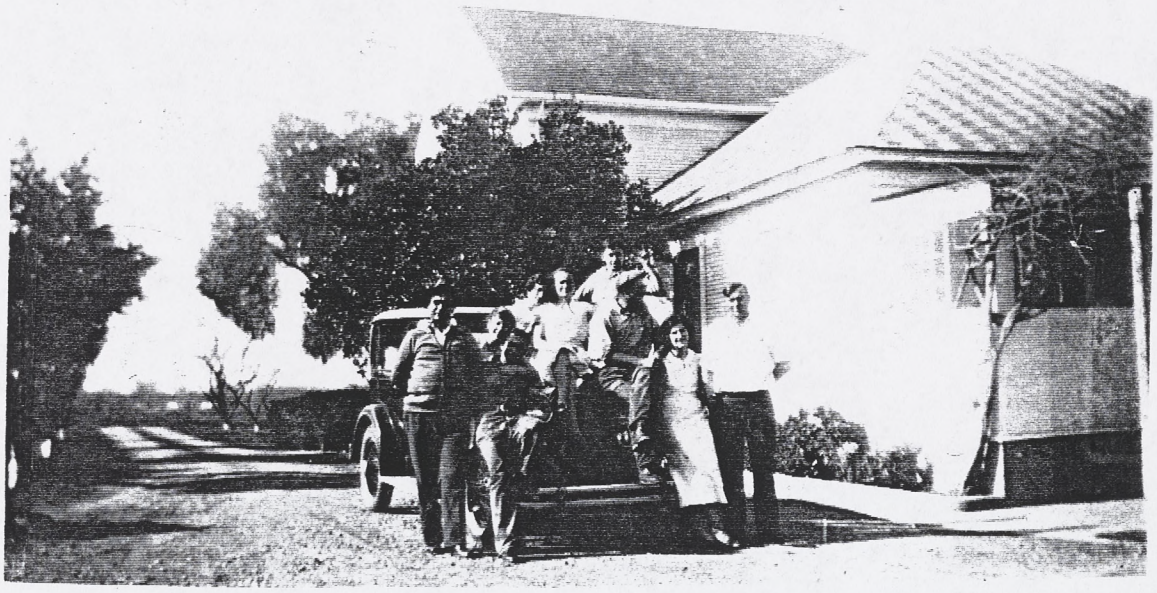
Driving the big truck while sitting on their father's laps

Burning brush clippings after pruning season (sometimes they would sneak a capped bottle into the pile just to hear the noise it would make)

Rite of "manhood" as their turn came to spend their first all-nighter irrigating (never mind that their dads had to move them from ditch to ditch when they fell asleep)

Good times of family meals shared in the orchard during picking season

Visco
Lucretia
Paul Jr.
Katherine
Mandé
Nicola
Paul
Margaret
and
John
Mardesich

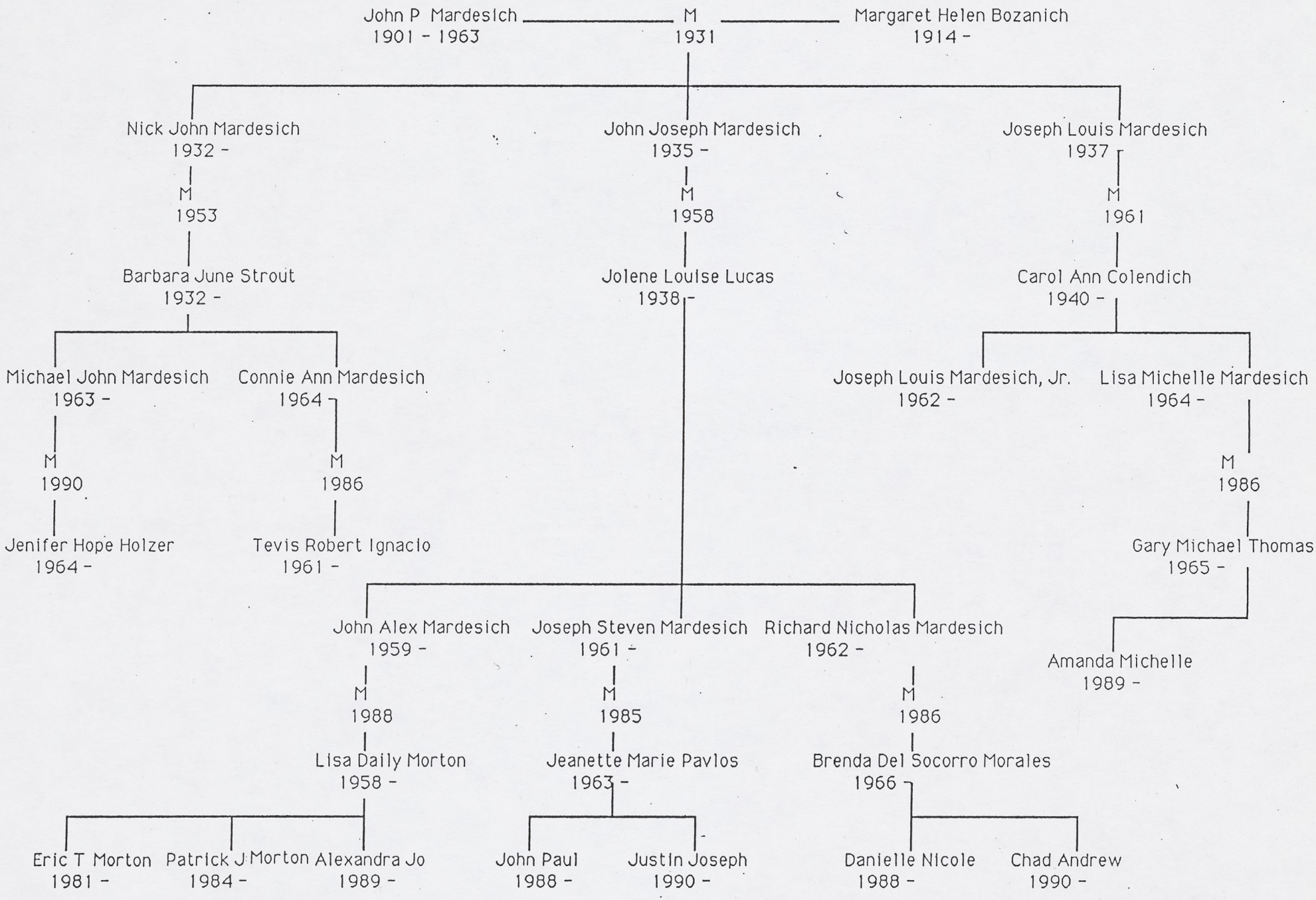


Left
Nicola
Lucretia
Katherine
Mardesich
and
Mary Lobrovich

Right
Mandé
Visco
John
Margaret
and
Paul
Mardesich

All in all the whole family agrees that the life of an orchardist was a very hard life, but it was also a good life and a great way to bring up children to respect work.

The John P. Mardesich Family



Related to Mardesich & Mariani

Betty Van Dyke

Photo by Tana Butler

Van Dyke Ranch

Born in 1932 to Croatian American farmers in the Santa Clara Valley town of Cupertino, Betty Van Dyke saw her fertile home ground transformed, in a few decades, from seemingly endless orchards to unrelenting urban sprawl. As the energetic matriarch of a popular family-run fruit-growing business, she has since participated in the region's organic agricultural renaissance, overseeing one of the first California operations to grow and dry fruit organically (becoming certified in 1986), and playing an active role in the early

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days of California Certified Organic Farmers (CCOF). And as a member of one of the region's noted surfing families, she built this thriving business while sustaining her love affair with Pacific ocean waves.

Van Dyke Ranch sits at the base of the Gavilan Mountains in Gilroy, Santa Clara County, on a southern exposure perfectly suited for growing sweet, flavorful Blenheim apricots and Bing cherries. The ranch produces fresh fruit in season and dried apricots, cherries, nectarines, peaches, pears, and persimmons throughout the year. (A rarer delicacy available to a few farmers'-market patrons are home-grown capers, the pickled flower buds of plants propagated from a thirty-year-old bush planted by Betty's mother.) Betty Van Dyke and her three sons took over from her father in the mid-1970s. While son Peter and various grandchildren now carry most of the day-to-day responsibility for the ranch, Betty still holds down two weekly farmers'-market booths, and commutes frequently to Gilroy from her Santa Cruz home to help with ranch work during busy seasons.

Sarah Rabkin interviewed Betty Van Dyke at Rabkin's Soquel home on April 16, 2008. A lively storyteller with an easy smile, Van Dyke shared memories of picking apricots on her grandfather's farm as a small child, working and playing alongside migrant dust-bowl refugees from Oklahoma and Arkansas, discovering surfing as a college student in the 1950s, and running an evolving Van Dyke Ranch.

In 1995 the Van Dyke family received a prestigious "Sustie" award from the Ecological Farming Association.

Additional Resources:

Van Dyke Ranch: http://www.vandykeorganics.com/

California Certified Organic Farmers (CCOF): http://www.ccof.org/

Thomas Hickenbottom, Santa Cruz Surfing Club Preservation Society, Santa Cruz Surfing Museum, *Surfing in Santa Cruz* (Arcadia Publishing, 2009). Includes photos of Betty Van Dyke and from the Van Dyke family archives on surfing history.

Donna F. Mekis and Kathryn Mekis Miller, *Blossoms Into Gold: The Croatians in the Pajaro Valley* (Capitola Book Company, 2009).

Beginnings

Rabkin: This is Sarah Rabkin, and it is April 16, 2008. I'm in Soquel, [California], interviewing Betty Van Dyke of Van Dyke Ranch. Betty, let's start with your family's history. Can you tell me where they're from, and when and how they came to this area?

Van Dyke: They came from an island in the Adriatic Ocean, off the Dalmatian coast of Yugoslavia, the former Yugoslavia, from what is now Croatia. My grandfather came in the late 1800s, when he was eighteen, and went to Biloxi, Mississippi, where he was a fisherman. He also fished in Oregon on the Columbia River and dug for gold in Alaska. Then he went down to San Francisco. He lived there, and he was a cooper when he was in San Francisco, which is a wine barrel maker. He went back to the island where he was from, which is the island of Vis in the Adriatic in the town of Komiza, two, maybe three times. I think the third time he brought his family over. They came through Ellis Island. They're in the registry. That was right after the war, probably around 1919, 1920. He and several of the people from the town settled in

Cupertino. My grandfather's first cousin was a Swilich—her last name was Swilich; my grandfather was a Mardesich, and there were Marianis, and they were all from the same town. Mariani, of course, is an Italian name. Our little island faced Italy. We were one of the furthest islands out, so our dialect, on our island, has got a lot of Italian. In fact, my grandmother is a Fiamongo, which is an Italian name.

But anyway, most of them went to San Pedro as fishermen. A lot of them went to the Washington area—Alaska, Anacortes [Washington], up there as fishermen; Portland, Oregon, as fishermen. The farmers kind of all settled in Cupertino, from that particular island. [My grandfather] bought his first land there, his first five acres, in about 1922, and started farming with five acres of apricots. They were coopers. His first cousin, Swilich (Grandma Swilich I always called her), had settled there, and Paul Mariani, Sr., who is my godfather, had fallen in love with her. He went to Cupertino because of her. He used to ride his bike down to see her from San Francisco. My grandfather went, and then the whole island followed, basically. (laughs) So they all settled in Cupertino, relatives—cousins, aunts, uncles, all over the place. And from that five acres of land, they proceeded to buy land. Cupertino [was] populated mostly by Norwegians, and Swedish sailors that had come there, and some Spanish people that had been there, and Spanish people that were living in Sunnyvale (that came a little later), but didn't buy farms, just went to work in the canneries and the fields.

The way they progressed in their farming business was the older people that had been there before (they were always called *foresti* because they were foreigners—they were Swedish, Norwegian, etc.) would buy whatever piece of land opened

up next door to them. So if there was a two-and-a-half-acre piece they'd buy it, because it was next door, or maybe a couple pieces down, a five-acre piece, because people were older than they were, and they were the young ones. That's how we got maybe forty-five or fifty acres of land in that area. But not all in one piece. It was all spread out everywhere. That's how he got started. And from then, my grandfather worked on the farm. He had a brother that died young from tuberculosis. My aunt, and then my uncle Joe came along later, and then they sort of progressed from there.

Rabkin: And then what happened?

Development in the Santa Clara Valley

Van Dyke: [By 1968] we were surrounded by subdivisions. The biggest farmer sold out first. He owned one hundred acres, which was a big piece of land, on Stevens Creek Road. He was a banker; he wasn't a farmer. He was, I think, third-generation, because that family came in the 1840s into that area. He was the first person to sell a big piece of land. And that went to the Kaiser people, who built the Kaiser homes, the first subdivision there on Stevens Creek Boulevard. He was the first to sell. Then a lot of little farmers sold, because they couldn't make their— But usually the farmers bought the little farms. But then if somebody had the well, and they sold the property and the water was gone, you couldn't get the water, so you sold too.

And then there were problems, because you had subdivisions going in everywhere, and the property tax was going up, so that they were charging us as much money for the land that we owned, as the subdivision was going on. So in

other words, if the subdivision was split into mega-houses, all those houses were paying like three or four hundred dollars, and then they were charging us the same amount for that property. It got to the point to where the farmers were just going broke. And they said, "Wait a minute," and they had a meeting, and that's when the greenbelt situation came in. We had meetings with the county people, the city people, and all the different people that got the property tax at the time. They had to do something for the farmers or they were all going to go, which they all did anyway, you know, eventually.

Rabkin: Around when were those meetings?

Van Dyke: Those were in the '50s, because the development started right after the war [World War II]. The end of the war was '46, so '47 you started seeing—Because people had come, soldiers, sailors, people who shipped out of California from back East—no snow, no rain, good weather [laughs]. Everybody came to California. So the first subdivisions started going in, in 1946 or so. Not in our area, but say in San Mateo, Menlo Park, those areas close to San Francisco. Every Sunday one of the young men in the county that had a driver's license would take all the mothers and kids and drive around and look at the subdivisions, and everyone would go look at the new houses, because their houses were old, smelled of mildew, no central heating, all fireplaces, woodstoves. So it was a real treat for all the women to go out and look at all these houses. Eventually it took over all the areas. And that was it. In 1968 we sold the last piece, because we were surrounded by subdivisions.

Rabkin: And how did your family acquire the ranch that it now owns?

Van Dyke: In Gilroy?

Rabkin: Yes.

Van Dyke: Oh, we sold what little properties we had here and there. It was a piece of property in Gilroy that my father looked at up against the foothills. He wanted a piece of property all one piece. When you own a small piece here and a small piece there, you're always putting your tractor on a trailer and driving it there, and it's a lot of work. My father always wanted one piece of land where he could be in one place without hauling the tractor. So it was 107 acres in Gilroy that was just bare land. It had been prune orchards in the early 1900s and the late 1800s, and apricots, very good apricots. And then after that, I can't remember if Driscoll bought the piece of land first, but it became strawberries. They did strawberries during the war, and after the war. Then the Driscoll family moved most of their stuff over to Watsonville. I can't remember the Driscoll's name that was in Gilroy. He had his office in Gilroy, and he was the one we bought the land from at that time. My father planted forty acres of apricots and twenty acres of cherries, Bing cherries, and left the rest of the land bare. And then in the '80s, I planted what was left over, into another thirty-acres of apricots, and a few cherries interplanted.

Rabkin: So the ranch is still that 107 acres.

Van Dyke: Yes, that 107 acres. My father had also bought a piece of land that was fifty-four acres, about six miles away. But as he got older, it was too much trouble for him to work it. So he sold it to my cousin, George, and four other partners: Pavalina, Souza, Mardesich, and another one. My cousin finally bought

the other partners out, and then he ran into some problems because he'd over-extended himself, so I bought the land back.

Rabkin: Let's back up to your early childhood.

Growing up on the Farm in the 1930s and 1940s

Van Dyke: Oh, my early childhood. I was born in 1932 [laughs], and grew up on the farm. My first job was picking brush with my grandfather. The second job was picking apricots. You drove through with trucks, no forklifts then. Apricot trees have a tendency to shed their fruit if you don't pick them when they're really ripe. It's a very difficult crop. It takes a lot of work to do apricots. My grandfather had me picking with him off the ground. We would pick up the apricots that fell in front on the track, where the truck was going to drive, so that they wouldn't get squashed. We sold our fruit to the canneries in those days, because all the apricots got canned. But we dried all the number-two fruit and the ground fruit, which was your best fruit because it was really ripe. So we would take that, pick it off the ground and take that in, put it on trays and wash it with the hose, shake it, make sure it was clean, and then cut it. And then we would sell the dried fruit to the Rosenberg packing house.

Rabkin: How old were you when you started working with your grandfather?

Van Dyke: Oh, about six? [laughs] Picking brush, things like that, and cutting apricots, and picking off the ground. Most of the years, as we grew up, I worked more and more in the orchards. It was during the summer that we would work because you had to sort the fruit; you had to sort the cherries in the orchard

before you sent them to the cannery or before they were packed. So you needed someone in the orchard to sort them as the buckets were dumped in the boxes. And then with the apricots, you had to sort them before they went to the cannery, because the cannery wanted perfect fruit. So you took out culls. Otherwise they would dock you. It was so much fun. It was funny, because if there was too much fruit that year, they wouldn't want to pay the price. They'd find more reasons to dock you. "Oh, you can't can this because it has a speck," or "you can't can that because it's got a scratch." Then they would dock you so many pounds. If you really got mad, you would take your load back and cut it all. [laughs] That's the way it was in those days.

I spent a lot of time with my grandfather in the orchard because he and I were sorters. We had tables that you made that you would carry, kind of at a slant, a sorting table. You would carry it from one group of trees to another. Your men would pick three rows on each side of the drive that you drove your truck through. First you worked by the hour because you're picking selected fruit. And then when there's more fruit, you work by the box or the bucket, basically the bucket in those days. You would get punched for every bucket. That gives you more incentive because you can make more money. When you're by the hour, you're at a set wage. You sort the fruit, and you take out the culls, which you're going to cut, and you put them in boxes. Then we loaded them into trucks—no forklifts, all by hand. Then it would go to the cannery, and the culls would go to the dry yard to be cut.

That was basically from 1938 until we sold the place. By the time I was twelve, I was doing the books for my father, and the payroll. But I was still working in the

orchard with my grandfather. That was my responsibility, too. We worked every day, seven days a week, during the harvest. There was no ten-minute breaks in the orchard, or no timeouts. I mean, it's not like there were slave drivers. Everybody worked like that. That was the way everybody in America worked, so it was no big deal.

Rabkin: This was a family farm.

Van Dyke: It was a family farm.

Rabkin: What other people in your family were working on the farm?

Van Dyke: On that particular farm it was just my grandfather. My aunt married my Uncle Lou, and he had his own place. She had one son, George. (Depression days, one child each family.) They had their own lands. Then there was just my grandfather, my father, and my uncle Joe, myself. My mother ran the cutting shed, and I was in the orchards. She never went in the orchards. My grandmother sometimes would come. If we were picking fruit close to her house, then she'd come in the orchard, and help us, but it was more for socializing.

The wonderful Okies and the Arkies during the '30s would come every summer to work for us. The Dust Bowl had happened there and it was very hard for them to make a living, so they would come every summer to California. It was a treat. I just couldn't wait for everybody to come. They'd drive in. They'd come up the driveway with the mattresses on the car, the goats in the back if they had a trailer, or a lot of kids. My father would designate a couple of rows in the orchard for them to set up camp. I'd have a village out there. I'd have a little

town of people—kids my age, older people, and people that came back year after year after year, until after the war. Well, actually during the war, because the young people started to go to work in the shipping yards in Oakland, but they would still come in the summer. The old folks would come in the summer and work, and then the kids would come on weekends, or the people that were working in the naval shipyards would come on weekends, because they liked being with the family and picking. They were all farmers. It was really a lot of fun. I don't have very many pictures of that time because I was so young. My mother took a few pictures, but not enough. I have pictures in my mind.

Rabkin: So they were sleeping in tents, or under the stars in the orchard?

Van Dyke: Tents. And then sometimes— We were careful with our apricot drying trays because they are so hard to repair. But then when one of our Mexican families came (this was after the '50s), they would wire together some of our broken trays and make little houses out of them. But only one or two. Some of the people had trailers that they would bring. But most of it was tents. They would fold everything up and bring in tents. And like I say, mattresses on the roof. It was fun. At night we'd have music, and people would sing. We had Russians under the tree, [laughs] singing Russian songs. It was just a lot of fun. Some of our relatives from San Pedro would come with their fishing boats. They'd come to Monterey. At 12:00 at night they'd take a taxi to go from Monterey to our house, or any relatives' house. When they came, whatever house they went to and stayed at, everyone would go there for dinner. They'd bring all kinds of fish and we'd barbeque. We'd put out apricot trays, and we'd have thirty or forty people there that were all relatives. They'd barbeque on the

ground the fish, and cook whatever lobster or crab they had that was live in the house, and then put all the food on the apricot cutting trays, and sit on boxes, cannery boxes, around the fire. They'd tell stories and sing into the night, sitting out-of-doors. It was an amazing way to grow up.

Rabkin: Sounds like everybody worked hard and played hard.

Van Dyke: Yes. They were all like that. They were hard workers. They were all very successful.

Rabkin: So where did you go to school?

Van Dyke: I went to Cupertino Grammar School. There was no kindergarten in those days. It was first grade and on. And then Fremont High School, and then San Jose State. I graduated from San Jose State in the '50s.

Rabkin: What did you study in college?

Van Dyke: Actually I started out with music and business, because I was a pianist. Then I went into occupational therapy, because I liked science and math. But I did a lot of anthropology, because I liked anthropology. Then I started surfing. And I went and changed my major to a general major because I didn't know what I wanted to do after that. I spent the last couple years in college living over here in Santa Cruz and surfing. But I still worked on the farm, in the summer.

Rabkin: How did you get into surfing?

Van Dyke: I had a friend named Al Wiemers that was at San Jose State. I had seen a picture in *Sunset Magazine* when I was young—I loved the water and the ocean—of somebody standing on a surfboard. I always wanted to do that, but I didn't know where, how, and didn't know they did it here. My friend, Al, had known the Van Dyke brothers, and a couple of other people over here in Santa Cruz that surfed, and brought me over one day, and I went tandem, and caught a wave. And that was it. [laughs]

Rabkin: You were hooked.

Van Dyke: [laughs] Oh yes, right away. Instant. That was '53. But we still worked on the farm every summer, except the summer when I graduated college. Then I went to La Jolla for the summer to surf. I told my father, "I'm going to do this, this time for myself." And he said, "Okay."

Rabkin: So it sounds like you weren't sure at first that you would go into farming.

Van Dyke: I never thought that was what I was going to do, because my father was doing it. I didn't think about becoming a farmer until he got older. He really needed someone to take over, and I knew what to do. Before he died, he looked out the window and he saw the dryer yard and he said, "Well, I see you know what to do now. It's all up to you." So that was it.

Rabkin: Were you the only child?

Van Dyke: Yes. The Depression. My cousin was the only child too, in my aunt's family.

Rabkin: How did you learn to farm?

Van Dyke: I was there every day. I went out in the orchard with my dad. I was on the trucks all the time, and he took me everywhere. Besides [that], I worked for other growers who were relatives, because I was a good worker and a fast worker. I worked for a pear packer. In fact, I used to eat so many pears, the guys in the packing house used to say, "Betty Ann, we're going to weigh you when you go in and weigh you when you go out and charge you by the pound." [laughs] I worked for the Bogdaniches. I worked for the Marianis. I worked for the Mardesiches. I worked for everybody. I picked prunes. I packed cherries. I cut apricots. Did strawberries for Mary Ellen, jam. What else? Cannery—did work in the cannery, Libby's Cannery, three or four years with my girlfriends. Good money. Better than working on the farm, because you had labor unions. If you worked on the farm for a dollar, you got a dollar nine at the cannery, and that was good money at the time. I don't know what it's like now. But that was good. So we all worked. Every one of us that was a farmer's daughter worked in the canneries too. And we also worked for other people doing different things.

Rabkin: Were there particular people in your family, or friends, that were special mentors for you?

Van Dyke: You just learned from everyone. I can't say that anyone took me by the hand. I worked, like I say, with my grandfather a lot. My grandfather was the oldest man from our island in town, so he was called *Borba*, which is uncle.[1] Everybody came to him for advice. Everybody came to him to borrow money. They didn't go to banks. They just shook hands and loaned each other a couple

of thousand dollars here and there. He always helped people that came from Europe—and my father, too. They would give them a helping hand, take them in if they came from Europe. Give them free room and board, give them a hand, and loan them money to buy property, or whatever they wanted to do. They were very generous that way, very kind. And they weren't really into it for making lots of money. You know, it was just to make a living. They came from a small island, and usually in Europe at that time under the old Austro-Hungarian rule, the oldest son got whatever the family had, and everybody else was on their own. When they came to this country, they had land, and could buy more land, and there was more chances for the family. So many of them became extremely successful. The fishermen—the Starkist Tuna, the Chicken of the Sea, and all the fishermen in Alaska became senators, congressmen in Washington. A lot of Mardesiches got into politics. They did well. But as far as someone just taking you along and teaching you—you learn from everyone. Everyone you worked for taught you something. Because we didn't grow pears, and we didn't grow prunes; I hated picking prunes. [laughs]

Rabkin: Why is that?

Van Dyke: You're on your hands and knees all day long in the dirt. You want to pick in the shade because it's always hot, because it was always end of August and September. In fact, one year when the prunes season was really, really late in the Santa Clara Valley, they had the schools start in the first week in October because there was no labor to pick the prunes. It was during the war, so they started school two weeks late so that all the kids could go out and pick prunes. Would they do that today? No. They don't even want kids to cut apricots. You

have to be sixteen to hold a knife. Some silly laws, because one of the best things you learn when you're growing up is to learn to work, and the camaraderie you get when you're working with someone in fruit crops, when you end up throwing food at each other, and playing games, and learning how to work together. You're under pressure, because every crop you're harvesting has got a point where it's going to start dying or getting overripe, and you've got to all work together to do it. It teaches you team sports. You learn to work with people and deal with different personalities, and slow folks, and good people. It's a good learning experience. Was there a mentor? There wasn't, really. It was just the whole experience of everybody working together.

All my girlfriends worked in farms. You wouldn't see each other for the summer, because you lived three or four miles away. So we used to write letters. I had tons of letters from grammar school through high school because we would work on each other's farms. But you didn't go visiting; it was time to work.

Rabkin: Do you still have those letters?

Van Dyke: Unfortunately no. I threw the last batch away when we moved a lot of stuff over to Gilroy. We had an old wooden garage, which I had to tear down because it was falling apart. When I did that, I threw away all my diaries, which is too bad. I just kept one. I look at it now and I think, why did I throw that away? That's the history of the Santa Clara Valley. But they're gone.

San Jose State was a nice place to go to school. It was so cheap. I think it was five dollars to go for a quarter. It was on the quarter system. The junior college and the college were the same school. You just went. There was the one campus. The

separate junior college was built by my cousin years later, after we graduated. But at that time you went to junior college for two years—same classes as people in college—and then you went to the college. It was cheap, really cheap. It was fun too. It was a small school: five thousand, six thousand students. You knew almost everybody.

Taking over Van Dyke Ranch

Rabkin: Tell me how you came to buy the ranch from your father.

Van Dyke: At the end he [had] gotten sick. It was in July, and he was ill and he had to go to the hospital. We hadn't done anything about a will. He had written out a will on a penny postcard at one time, and he showed me where it was in his desk. He was leaving everything to me and my sons. I told him that it was time. He was in his seventies. My lawyer had just said, "We better do something, because you're going to be in all kinds of messes with the government. It's going to go to your mom, and then there's going to be this, that and the other thing in taxes." So we had to make a will. But we actually bought the land before. We inherited what he gave us, and then I paid my mother off what we owed her for the half. That kept her with a steady income for the rest of her life. And that's how we bought it, and that's why we did it. I guess it was good to do it that way.

Rabkin: Had you been working on the farm leading up to the time when you bought it?

Van Dyke: Yes, I worked always on the harvest. And before, I always lived on the farm. After I had the three boys and we were living in Santa Cruz, we still

came for the harvest, and I still came all the time, almost every day, because my parents were there, and would help with whatever needed to be done. Then I started doing all the bookkeeping because my father wasn't doing it anymore. You had to keep up with that everyday. So it wasn't like I was new to the farm or anything like that. I got myself twelve dozen gopher traps and started trapping gophers right away. [laughs] He hadn't been able to do it for quite a while, so we had quite a gopher problem. But I went all the time, yes. It was no big transition in my life. It was just something I'd done all my life. It's ingrained. It's not: How did you learn? It's just there. You don't even think about it.

Rabkin: Is it unusual to be in the position of being a woman farmer who owns and runs her own farm?

Van Dyke: No, because in the Croatian culture, men and women, you're equals. If you worked for my father and you were a child under fourteen and you couldn't do what an adult could do (which we all could), he gave you children's wages. But basically he paid everyone the same wage. If a man was getting a dollar an hour, and a woman was working next to him, she got the dollar an hour. There was no prejudice or discrepancy. It was just a matter of the work. It was like that with everything we did on the farm, with his ranch, and most of the other farmers too.

There were a couple of farmers I didn't like working for because they were really cheap. They would treat me okay because they knew my father, but they wouldn't do as well with their other workers, and I didn't like working for them.

There were two of them. Those were the two guys who always got into arguments. Went to court [laughs] with each other. I figured, good company.

Organic Farming Practices

And then the other thing, as far as getting into the organic movement, my father grew up in Croatia and he was in charge of feeding the family while my grandfather was gone. He was a gardener and he learned how to grow everything organically, because of course there were no pesticides there. Whatever pesticides they had, they were natural. He was always getting the prize for the best garden. He was proud of that. He had a donkey that he was proud of, too. He said his best friend was his donkey. So when he came to America he used as few chemicals— He wasn't into chemicals. Farmers were using a pesticide that you would spray on the apricot trees. It would stunt the growth of the tree, but make the fruit get big. They discontinued its use after a few years because it was carcinogenic. I can't remember what it was called. He used to go out and warn the farmers next to him, "Don't get that on my land." And he always said to me, "Don't spray anything in the orchard that you can't go in afterwards and pick the fruit off the tree and eat it." With the cherries, basically all he ever did was an oil base. He never sprayed with any chemicals. So he was basically organic.

That's how I got involved in the organic movement because, what's his name, the man that was at the university?

Rabkin: Alan Chadwick.

Van Dyke: Yes. Chadwick was having his first classes there at that time. This was in the early seventies. (When did I start harvesting that crop? I think I started picking that cherry orchard in '75, something like that.) Anyway, word got around that we didn't spray our cherries, and all of a sudden these kids were showing up, going, "Can we pick after the crop is over? We heard you don't spray." I said, yes. My father loved it. I remember Mike T. Walker came out with one group of people. They were on some Indian trip, American Indian. When they got through picking in the orchard, they came out and they were in front of my father's window where he always used to like to sit and drink a glass of wine. They put their hands in a circle [laughs], like this, and were chanting something. My father just loved it. We had a lot of kids coming, you know, long-haired. And that's how we got into the organic movement, in a way. I mean, we didn't get into it. All of a sudden, stores just started asking us. Community Foods wanted to buy our cherries. Heidi Skolnick one day (she worked for Community Foods a long time ago), said to me, "Well, why don't you just go organic?"[2] I said, "I don't know how to put the whole orchard in organic." She said, "Well, start with a few rows." So I did. I started with ten rows of apricots that we sprayed only with the same sprays that my father used when he was spraying, which was blue stone and lime, which is a copper-based spray. We did those ten rows, and we had twenty-five feet on each side that you could spray with Rovral, I think, a fungicide that we used at the time. That's how we started. And Ken [Kimes] and Sandra [Ward], who you have on your list, were my first inspectors.[3] We've been friends ever since.

They list me as being certified organic from 1986, but we were certified the third year that the CCOF was in. A few years after that I took the whole place out of production because we had been hit with a heavy rain. My son had left the fava bean crop up too high. I went skiing and I told him to plow it under. He didn't plow it, and the fruit brown-rotted because of the moisture. So I had to take it out of organic that year. But in those days you would get certified within a year if you hadn't used any chemicals. In cases like [this], for those of us that [are] all of a sudden hit with a really bad year where it really rains a lot (like last year), and it destroys your crop, I wish they [the organic certification agencies] would give us a leeway, on a super-bad year like that, to just spray a fungicide. Fungicides don't hurt anything. They just go dormant on the tree. They never touch the fruit. They do it before the blossom is on the tree. It doesn't affect the ground, the worms, or anything like that. It dissipates. And that's the only thing we have problems with, is that. That one thing. Three years ago I had put another section into going organic. It's been treated organically except for this fungicide. I waited the whole three years, and then last year I went out to the orchard and I could see the rot starting to happen. I told Peter, "Okay, go spray with the fungicide. It's a whole twenty acres. I can't let it go to waste." And I thought God, another three years to go through this [certification] again. It's just pretty hard to do. Especially when it rains like that, at the wrong time.

The Challenges of Growing Apricots

Rabkin: You mentioned that growing apricots is tricky.

Van Dyke: Oh, it's the queen of the crops, out of all of them. There're some problems with peaches, like brown rot. But apricots, Blenheim apricots— Other kinds of apricots will hang on the tree for three weeks. But a Blenheim apricot, when it's ready to go, you get a little breeze— There was times when I'd be sleeping in the trailer at the farm, and the wind would start blowing in the morning, and I could hear: plop, plop, plop. You got to get up early in the morning before the pickers get out there, get the fruit that's fallen. Would there not have been any wind, it would have still been on the trees the next day. The pickers would have gotten it. But you've got to go out and get it off the ground, because the pickers will come and they can't pick. They'll throw a ladder out; they'll step on it.

Rabkin: Why do you grow Blenheims?

Van Dyke: Primarily because that's what my parents started with. That's what my parents always had, and so that's what we grew. And it is the best apricot. At one time, all the Santa Clara Valley, everybody grew the Blenheim apricot, because it was the best dried fruit. And it still is the best dried fruit. We never shipped it at that time, because it was very fragile. When I took the farm over from my dad and I started doing organic, I did start shipping them. I have shipped them all over the United States. The receiving end has to be patient, and understanding. You have to pick them with a certain firmness and a certain greenness. Once they have color they will ripen. It's not like they're not going to have flavor. They will have flavor. But you can't ship them when they're full color, because they'll ripen in a day or two, and they're too soft. We had pretty good luck with Raley's, and Nob Hill, and Whole Foods, and Texas Health. All

the places back East: Roots and Fruits, Rainbow—all over. I haven't been doing this for a few years. I've turned it over to my sons, so I've forgotten all the people that we sell to. But most of them now are all part of Whole Foods anyway, which has gotten huge.

Rabkin: And this is fresh or dried?

Van Dyke: Fresh. And dried, too. I do organic, unsulfured dried. I haven't been selling the sulfured fruit, but I'm going to start doing that myself too. What's destroyed the Blenheim apricot business is the Turkish imports. Your Blenheim apricot was your best dried fruit, and we used to dry (this includes all the Blenheim apricots) fifty to ninety tons. But now it's down to a handful of us that dry maybe less than a hundred tons. Before it was hundreds of tons. But the Turkish apricots are so cheap. They come in at fifty cents a pound. In fact, the packers are not giving us the money that we should be getting for the dried fruit, and that's what's hurting our business a lot. I'm trying to sell more fresh, which is good, because people, once they get them, that's what they want. Most of the other fruit that's out there that's an apricot that's fresh is not good. They're bred for shipping. And they don't make good dried fruit either. But the Blenheim—it's the queen of the apricots. It's really a good one. But it is delicate.

A Season of Growing Apricots

Rabkin: Can you take me through a season of the various stages of growing, harvesting—

Van Dyke: Okay, we could start out with January. In January, you're pruning. You have to cut out the old growth, because your fruit comes on the second year of growth. So every year you want to prune back. You will have fruit if you leave a sucker, and the fruit will be all the way up the tree. This is kind of what they do in Turkey, or even in where the Hunzas are. When I see pictures of their places, their trees are like this— They don't prune them. They must prune them at some time, because you have got to get rid of the old wood so you have new wood coming. And their blossoms go like that all the way down the limb—

Rabkin: A big long spray of branch.

Van Dyke: Yes, like anything that is unpruned. But your fruit is small. It stays small. And it doesn't really get the good flavor unless you don't water it. Then it will get the more intense flavor, just like grapes. My father always used to say, "Let your trees suffer a little bit, because you'll have better flavor." Also, if you let them suffer a little bit, if you're shipping it, or if you're going to cut it, it's not going to brown-rot as easily. Because there's not that much moisture in it. There's more intense flavor.

Rabkin: This is the dry-farming idea.

Van Dyke: Yes. Los Altos Hills always had dry farms, because they were on the hills and there was no way to irrigate on a hill. People had their little farms in Los Altos, and their fruit was always smaller, but very intense flavor, and very, very good fruit. There're still a few people— The Packard family has a place there that's on a hill. And I met a friend of mine two days ago at New Leaf [Market] who was working for a farmer in Hollister, but now he's planting small

farms for people in the Santa Clara Valley. He just got through planting forty Blenheim trees on the property that used to belong to friends of my father's and my girlfriend, Lorraine. Their name was Yelish. They were Slavonian people. They had a backyard, and they had a garden and they did a fruit stand. And here, I run into Terrance at New Leaf. Sixty years these people lived there that I knew, and he's planting forty apricots in their backyard where they were growing apricots before. [laughs] He said that's what his job is now. He's going to people that want to try to recreate little places of the Santa Clara Valley.

Rabkin: Yes. So January, you're pruning.

Van Dyke: January's pruning, and February you finish up your pruning. Usually in February, as soon as it starts getting a little bit warmer, the bud on the trees starts moving. The bud is always coming out where the leaves used to be the year before. Then when you get to the red bud stage, and a little bit white—you wait until your trees have maybe a few blossoms, and then you go in and spray with your dormant spray. And then basically that's all you do, is spray the apricots. Hopefully once, if the weather's good. If it's raining, you've got to go in a couple of times; even with the copper you do.

After that you wait. The petals will fall off the flowers, and then the fruit will be in what we call the jacket stage. That's the most fragile state. If the trees are blooming and you get rain on it, it's not going to hurt that much. But when it gets in the jacket stage, if you get a rain that's warm, temperatures between, oh, fifty-five and sixty-five, you get brown rot. A fungus. It'll brown-rot the fruit, kill the fruit. It'll also kill the stem. The stem will die, the little leaves will die, and the

petals will die. If you come out to the farm I could show you that, because we do have some of that damage in our organic section this year.

Anyway, you wait for the fruit to get out of the jackets, and then you wait usually two or three weeks after that, usually the first or second week in April, and then you have to thin. Because the fruit is in bunches. You have to break up those bunches to give the fruit a chance to grow. That's what we're doing right now, is we're thinning.

After the thinning, you do general maintenance. I would have the men dig around the trees all the time. My son hasn't done that, but you want to clean the dirt away from the trunk of the trees, and you set out traps for the earwigs. Because we're organic, we don't use any chemicals to kill the earwigs, so we trap them. I had the guys cut up garden hoses a long time ago and put them in the trunk of the tree. What the earwigs do is they go in the tree at night, and they eat. They go underground in the daytime. But when we put the hose there, they want to be away from the sun, so they climb in there. You leave the hoses in there for like a week, because once the scent of the earwig gets in there, the earwigs will keep coming back to it. Then we go with the men, once a week—labor intensive—pick up the hose; we shake it. Every guy carries a bucket with a little diesel and water. And you drop them in there [blows] blow them out like that. Sometimes there're hundreds of them in there. That's how we control the earwigs, which, as I say, is time-consuming.

Rabkin: What do you do with the earwig soup?

Van Dyke: We just bury it.

Then we irrigate and wait. Usually your weak trees will be the first ones that you pick. You pick those, and they go to New Leaf [Market]. It takes about two or three days of just picking a few boxes. And then a couple more days you start with a good-sized crew of men. Within two days after that (it depends on how the weather is), you're putting on forty to fifty people picking, maybe in two orchards, or three sections. You've got to walk the orchard everyday. You want your ground clean, so you can see where the fruit is falling, because the tree's going to tell you what's ripe. When you have that, then you can usually get to the sections that are ripening, and get the fruit off before it falls. We usually do two to three picks, go through two to three times. You don't pick apricots all at once, because there's too much ripe fruit and green fruit. And you can't mix it, because green fruit will rot the ripe fruit, and ripe fruit will dirty the green fruit. You don't want your fruit too green, because there's no flavor and you can't do anything with that. So it takes that many picks. But it's over like that [snaps fingers].

Rabkin: About how long is that harvest season? When does the first ripe fruit start appearing?

Van Dyke: By the time it's through, probably two and a half weeks.

Rabkin: Wow.

Van Dyke: It's really fast, yes. It's the same with cherries. You'll see cherries from May through August. But every place that has a cherry crop, it only lasts a couple weeks. It just moves from one area— It'll start in Lodi, or right now it starts in Pinoche, I think, or somewhere south close to Fresno—and it comes up

to Lodi, the Stockton area. And then it'll come up to our Santa Clara Valley, and then it would move to Hollister, and then it goes to Oregon, Washington, and those places. I think even Canada has them. But your Washington cherries come in later, and your Oregon cherries, after ours are all over. It moves up the coast. The same with the apricots. It'll start out in the [Central] Valley with the early varieties, which are, usually with no flavor, Katys, and Tiltons, etc. They're really pretty, but have no taste.

Rabkin: And they're coming out about when?

Van Dyke: They got apricots now that come out in May. Our apricots don't start until the middle of June, and last year they didn't start until after July, which is the normal time of year. When I was growing up, our apricots would always start around the fourth of July.

Rabkin: So is the season getting earlier?

Van Dyke: Well, [now] we're in Gilroy. Actually Gilroy's should have been a little later, as I recall. Because Brentwood and Winters come in before we do, and they're further north. Since we've been in Gilroy, our apricot season would start after the fourteenth or twentieth of June. But last year was more like a normal season from Cupertino. The weather was cooler. But then Cupertino, too, was closer to the bay. We always had that morning fog. At that time, you would drive out of Sunnyvale heading towards Mountain View and you had the bay on the right hand side. You had sloughs there. Especially past Mountain View or Palo Alto, it was all water, on the right-hand side as you drove to San Francisco. It's

all filled in. All the chips [high technology companies] people are there, and there's a lot of housing there.

Rabkin: So that filling and development activity has actually changed the climate.

Van Dyke: It could have. Yes. Because they were doing that when I was young, and they kept doing it afterwards, until finally the Save the Bay people came in. That was all water. When I went to the World's Fair in 1937 the first time, or '38, whatever it was, the Bayshore Highway was a three-lane road, which made it a death trap. [laughs] You passed in the third lane, and everyone was doing head-ons. They called it "the freeway" [imitates thick Croatian accent]. "I want to go on the Bayshore Freeway." [laughs] I had been to San Francisco, but not on that road. Because we went Highway 1, which was Highway 101, which went through all the towns: Burlingame, San Mateo, all those. They didn't have stoplights, so it's not like it took you a long time. What you saw was tree-lined streets, all the way from San Jose to San Francisco. When the fair came, they put the freeway, the Bayshore, in. So you got to go all the way along the bay. And for me as a child, having loved the water like I did, to see that—the bay, and the sloughs, and all this marshes and birds. It was on both sides of the road. It was on the left side, going up to the City, as well as the right. You don't see it at all on the left side anymore. You see a little bit on the right. But that was it at that time.

Rabkin: So you're finished with your harvest season sometime in July?

Van Dyke: Yes, when you're picking the apricots you're also cutting and drying. After I took over the farm, I stared cutting all the apricots. I bought trays from

other people. We would sell our fruits to the Mariani Company. They would cut it and dry it. I said, "We can do that. We just need more trays. And get the people to do it. It's a little bit more work, but we're going to do that." My father had about four or five thousand trays, and I got it up to about ten or twelve thousand trays. We cut all our own fruit. Then I had to go into cold storage, because we would have a hundred tons of fruit sitting in boxes, and we couldn't cut it all. So I would go to my friend Don Christopher in Gilroy. He's a good cherry grower, a nice man. He would let me cold-storage all my apricots there. That way we would just cut what we were picking fresh that day, keep the rest of it in cold storage, and it would last. That's what made me see I could ship, too, because I would watch it. I'd go there every day and climb up on top and see if anything was rotting. It would last ten or twelve days. I thought to myself, if it can go in cold storage— So that's when I started packing fresh. I mean, I did a little bit locally, but I didn't pack fresh for selling. I started shipping all over the United States. And it was fine. Got a lot of people interested in Blenheims.

But anyway. While we're washing, finishing off the fruit, we get through with the picking, then we've got all the dried fruit to take care of. I'll show you pictures, or you can come look at it this summer. We have about a five-acre field that gets full of apricots drying in the sun. You've got to stack all that, and you've got to bring it in, and you've got to scrape it off the trays, which we do anyway during the season, because even with the ten or twelve thousand trays, we would run out of trays, and we'd have to scrape fruit off to recycle the trays. You scrape them, and put them in bins. I used to ship it all to the Mariani Company in bins, and just save a little bit up for ourselves. But when I started

the organic apricots, I started drying the fruits unsulfured. Unsulfured took up more of the trays, so I had to buy more trays. Sulfured fruit will dry in three to five days, and if there's a heat wave it will dry in three days easy. Unsulfured fruit takes anywhere from five to ten days to dry, so you have to leave it out a little longer.

Rabkin: Is that the main reason why people use sulfur?

Van Dyke: Sulfur preserves the color. I know Paul Mariani, my godfather, used to dry fruit for the hospital in Bethesda, Maryland. It was a major hospital in America at that time. They wanted unsulfured dried fruit for their patients that couldn't take sulfur. I never knew that people were allergic to sulfur, but I found that out later in life. So my godfather would do it. But he was basically a prune grower, so he had prune dehydrators. So he would dehydrate them. In fact most of your unsulfured fruit, like at Trader Joe's and other places, that is dried, unsulfured, is dehydrated. You can tell the difference from a sun-dried fruit by the fact that dehydrated fruit is flatter. The dehydration takes the moisture out of it and it kind of flattens the fruit. Also, if you soak it in water it won't come back to its natural form. Whereas if you take that unsulfured apricot that we dry and you put it in water (at least this happens within the first few months afterwards), it'll go back to the same half it was before.

Rabkin: Interesting.

Van Dyke: After that's over, we rewash the apricots that have been out in the sun just to get the debris, because they are sun-dried. We don't get mice or bird

poop, or anything like that on the trays. I don't know why. They're out there, but we don't have that problem. Birds don't fly over it, or do anything—

Rabkin: They don't try to eat the fruit?

Van Dyke: Birds don't. I don't know why. Sometimes—because we dry cherries, too—sometimes the birds will come and peck on the cherries that are on the trays. But if you scare them a few times— If you keep birds moving, if you consistently keep them moving—they'll stay away. You've got to be consistent. We used to do that in the cherry orchard to fight the birds. Cherry farmers, for a while they were spraying their cherries with something that was like snail bait. When the birds pecked on it, they didn't like the taste so it would keep them off. I would never use anything like that. We would have people with guns at different corners of the orchard. Then I would get all-terrain vehicles, or motorcycles, and then chase the birds. We found if we kept after them, starlings especially, for four or five steady days in a row, we could get rid of them for a few days, and pick cherries without too much damage. Birds do a lot of damage, and the starlings are really, really bad. In fact, I called the Audubon Society about the problem, and that's the only bird they sanction killing. Did you know that? They sanction killing them, because they said it's taking over the natural habitats, knocks the eggs out of the birds' nests and takes over their nests. It was conflicting with the natural-born species that are here. So I had a neighbor. He was a hunter that knew how to trap mountain lions, et cetera. He made us a starling bird cage trap. He got the plan from somewhere. We set up two or three traps in the orchard, and we'd catch sixty or seventy birds a day.

Rabkin: Just bop them on the head?

Van Dyke: Bop them on the head. And then what I discovered was my workers loved barbequing them. One of my girlfriends worked for a vet, and he wanted the birds to freeze for his owls. So I would bring him ten or twenty a night. And then my laborers wanted to barbeque them at night with salsa. So nothing got wasted.

Rabkin: So there's enough meat on a starling—

Van Dyke: Well, it's the breast, yes. When I was young my father used to shoot robins, and this was not uncommon. I don't do that, but it wasn't unfamiliar to do. But he would only do this in our pepper tree, in the fall, when they weren't breeding, to make pasta sauce. And he'd only do three or four or five, and we'd eat the whole bird.

Rabkin: Was it tasty?

Van Dyke: Unbelievable, unbelievable. [laughs] They're really good. In fact, if I hit one by mistake it goes in the pot.

Rabkin: So that's amazing to me that you don't have big bird problems on these enormous spreads of drying apricots.

Van Dyke: You don't. You can come and see. Maybe the sulfured fruit keeps them away? Well, we do the unsulfured fruit, and they don't go there.

Rabkin: So is there anything [about the apricot growing cycle] we haven't covered?

Van Dyke: We haven't finished with the drying. I'm going to just stick with the organic (we do same for both). We wash the unsulfured fruit, and then we put it back on trays, above the ground, on horses, so that there's no dirt that gets underneath. We sort them out. Usually there's no culls or anything like that. Always when you have sun-dried fruit you're going to have little flecks of dust. You know how you look at the air some times, and you see dust floating? That ends up on the fruit. And you can really see it on the sulfured fruit, because it's orange. So you'll see little specks of dust. We breathe the same dust. It's not like it's going to hurt you, but you try to clean that off, because everybody doesn't want to see spots of stuff. You can get away with it at the farmers' market a little bit because people are more used to farm stuff.

Then we package our fruit. For the farmers' market, we have gals help me package them in little packages. We put the rest of them in bulk packages and we ship them. I have a Japanese buyer that buys a couple of tons from me every year, and different places in the United States that buy the dried fruit. Jaffe Brothers. A lot of people that mail-order things buy them. New Leaf [Market] carries them all the time, and places in San Francisco. They go all over. We don't have a whole lot. It depends on the year. The year before last, we had a ton and a half. Usually we average ten to fourteen tons. Last year, which I'm still selling, we had about five or six tons. This year, we don't know yet, because we don't know what the crop will be. I think my biggest year was fourteen or fifteen tons. And they go to Switzerland, too—throughout Europe.

Rabkin: Wow. So you do a combination of organic and conventional?

Van Dyke: Yes. We have one whole section that's certified organic. Our Bolsa Ranch, which is fifty-three acres—the whole place certified organic. That is apricots, but my son pulled a lot of the trees out. I think the frost hit them this year. I think all the apricots we had—the Blenheims, the Pattersons, the Westleys—I haven't been there yet to see it—but I think they all got wiped out. And maybe some of the cherries too, because it was really cold. It gets real cold at that ranch. It always gets more frost over there.

Rabkin: This is a separate property?

Van Dyke: It's a separate property, yes. It's fifty-three acres. It's about six miles from our house. But it's further south and a little lower, and it gets colder.

Anyway, after we finish with the dried fruit, you irrigate the orchard. You keep trapping gophers, if you've got the traps. You have to put everything away. My son's been doing some other dried fruit, so he keeps his guys working. He does some dehydrating of pears, and some dehydrating of other fruits that he gets from other farmers. It's not all organic. Some of it goes to Mariani packing company, and some of it goes to some of the other people that distribute dried fruit. That brings a little bit more income. I'm not happy with it because it hurts our trays. Apricots don't weigh very much. Peaches weigh a lot; pears weigh a lot. Fortunately the pears are dehydrated. But the peaches are sun-dried, so it does a lot of damage to the trays, because they're heavy.

And after that, that's it. You put the trays back in the shed. You go in the orchard and you cut out dead limbs. When my father, and when I was running the place I wouldn't have anybody hired after October. We would irrigate by furrows, and

my sons would irrigate and I would irrigate. But they started using sprinkler pipes, so now they have people moving pipes. They employ more people than I did.

Labor Issues

Rabkin: Tell me about the labor force. Is it all seasonal, or do you have some permanent people?

Van Dyke: We have a foreman who lives on the Bolsa Ranch. We have some other guys who kind of live here year round, but they're free to work at other places when they're not working at our place. You don't really need a lot of people. You need a lot of people to prune, but we never had any pruners that lived at our place. We do now. You need people to thin. But people will usually come in and help us thin. And you need people to harvest and work in the shed. So you have three times of the year you really need people to be there to help.

Rabkin: And you mentioned that during harvest time you have maybe forty or fifty workers?

Van Dyke: Pickers. Then we have at least a hundred people in the cutting shed, because you've got to cut all that fruit. Picking is a lot faster than cutting. You can pick forty or fifty boxes a day. You could *never* cut that many boxes a day, unless you're on a machine.

Rabkin: So people are cutting the fruit in half by hand.

Van Dyke: We do it by hand. My son wants to get a machine. But when my son had a friend of ours in Hollister do some fruit cut for us by machine, he brought some home because I ran out of slabs, which is the overripe fruit. When you cut by machine you've got water running. It changes the flavor of the fruit. It really does. For one thing, the fruit comes out a little flatter because it absorbs the water. If you eat our dried fruit that's a slab and you eat a machine-cut dried fruit, you can tell the difference right away. I think that's why you've got a lot of people at the farmers' market that like our fruit. It's mostly because it's hand cut. Hand cut is a little bit more work and a little bit more expensive. But the quality is so much better and the flavor is so much better.

Rabkin: Where do your workers come from?

Van Dyke: When I had my foreman, Juan Monteon, he and I were very close for years— He died in Mexico. He had a big family that was here. In fact, two of his brothers had orchards, five acres each, and then expanded them a little bit, just like my parents did. Really good workers. My father loved them and I did, too. They were just like Croatians. [laughs] They had the same attitude—work hard, save your money and do your work yourself. My son Peter told me today about Emigdio, [who] is one of my favorite men. He works at nights in the garlic [industry]. They work during the year there. But he also has two farms. He's thinning his place by hand because of the frost damage. Peter said, "Well, I'm going to put the guys on ladders and thin by hand." I said, "No, no, no." Emigdio's doing the work by himself. I says, "You cannot hire men to go in with a ladder and thin by hand." Because when Emigdio first came to work for me, he and his brother, Juan, wanted to thin by hand. I said, "You can't do it. The place

is too big." "Oh, yes, we can do it." They got out there and they started working. And the first day they took a look at how many trees they thinned, and they just went, "You're right, Betty." Then we developed this way. We got my cousin's old flatbed truck from 1937. We put a bed on the back of it, from wood, and put a rail in the middle of it so the guys could hang on. Put three guys on the back of the truck on each side and drive through the middle of the orchard and thin like you're in the tree on a ladder, because you're up on the truck. That's how we thin now all the time.

Rabkin: So they still are literally using their hands to do the thinning.

Van Dyke: Yes, Emigdio is. Not us. We're using sticks. We're using sticks, because when you have fifty or sixty acres it's— Emigdio has five acres in one place and maybe two and a half at the other. He can do that by himself easily in three or four weeks. He prunes his orchards by himself. My father used to, too. My father would handle forty-five acres in Cupertino, or more. In fact, he not only pruned our own orchards, but he pruned other people's orchards. During the war he would just do it with two or three men and my grandfather.

Rabkin: And these are tall enough trees that you need ladders.

Van Dyke: You need ladders. Oh, yes. Once your apricot tree gets past five years you got to have a ladder, even if it's a small ladder. They branch out. They get big.

Rabkin: So most of these guys are Mexican?

Van Dyke: Yes. They have been since after the war. The people from Arkansas or Oklahoma either went back to their homes— Most of them stayed here and started their families here and got into some kind of business. After that, they had the Bracero program. We were never a part of the Bracero program. The contractors we've had we've known for years. We know that they're honest, and we always do business with them openly, and make sure that their workers are getting paid right. You pay by contract. Workers like to do that, because if they work really, really fast they can make more money. You do that for ten days if you've got apricots ripening fast. You hustle.

Rabkin: Tell me about your other crops.

Van Dyke: That's it. Cherries. I have a family orchard with two or three trees of each variety that I can get my hands on. I keep buying trees all the time, a couple of trees here and a couple of trees there that we plant. Those go to the farmers' market. That's not any part of the production. I plant a few almonds. Pears, plums, peaches, nectarines. I sell almonds. What else? A whole bunch of different varieties of apricots that the university has given us for experiments. Russian apricots that are yellow that are tasty. One apricot that's really, really good, comes out always scabby looking. Everybody loves it. Good flavor. You couldn't ship it from here to the street, but—

Rabkin: What's that one called?

Van Dyke: It's a number. [laughs] We call it XR-2. We have no name for it. The universities have a name.

Oak Root Fungus and Other Pest Challenges

Rabkin: You talked about earwigs. You talked about fungus. Are there other pests or diseases?

Van Dyke: Well, there's oak root fungus, which is a soil disease. There's nothing you can do about it. We've tried fumigation. It's a very aggressive fungus that attacks the roots of the trees and kills it. Some trees are resistant to it. They say that different root stocks— Apricot root stock is very susceptible. Amarillo Root Rot is what it's called. It does produce mushrooms, which are kind of tough and stuff, but I did have someone say they are edible if you do certain things. Those mushrooms show up around the trunk of the tree in the fall, and you know that it's being attacked, and there's no way to stop it. We have lost a considerable part of our organic orchard to the fungus, although I did read in *California Fruit Farmer*, or maybe it's the *U.S. Fruit Grower*, but anyway, one of the magazines said that a farmer in Florida has developed a peach root stock that is really, really resistant to the Oak Root Fungus, and he's putting it out. He's not even charging a patent thing on it like they usually do if they discover something. He wants all the farmers to get it, because he had so much trouble with it. Peach root is one of the best roots to put apricots on, because it gives the apricot a really good flavor, but it's really susceptible to oak root fungus and gophers. If I can get this root stock, I'm going to give it a try. It says that the fruit doesn't come out as big for peaches, but if the flavor is there it wouldn't make any difference as far as dried fruit goes.

What else is there? You have the twig borer, that goes into the trunk of the tree. That can kill them. I think we haven't had that problem because we've got earwigs. I think the earwigs are probably eating any of the eggs that are left by the moths. I'm thinking that, because we haven't that much problem with the twig borer lately. Gophers are always a problem. We do have owl boxes out, and we do have bat boxes out. Our major pest in the apricot orchard itself is a peach twig borer, which is a worm. The moths lay their eggs on the apricot. We use *Bacillus thuringiensis,* Bt, because the worm will eat a little bit of the skin; Bt is on the skin, and then in three days [the worm] will die. It does something to the stomach. It's not like it kills it, but the worm can't eat. Maybe it gives it giardia, or some kind of disease, [laughs] but it kills it without too much pain, I take it. But anyway, that's a problem.

Rabkin: And the bats will eat the flying insects?

Van Dyke: The bats, yes. When my father had the farm, we had a big barn from the 1800s. But it was dilapidated and falling. It was even built with square nails, that were all hand-tooled.

Rabkin: Wow!

Van Dyke: We had to take that apart. But I remember, before I took that barn down, that in the evening, when I would go out bats used to be flying out of it. I didn't think about it when I went to tear that down. But I built a shed the year after, real close to it. And I did find, one day when we were cutting apricots, a bat on the tray, sleeping.

Rabkin: [laughs]

Van Dyke: I picked it up and I took it over to where the water tank was. I set a box up on its side so I could get it a little area there, where there was a space between the wood and the box. I put the bat there, and it grabbed hold like that. I went back there the next day and it was gone, so I figured it woke up and flew away [laughs]. Yes, we have bat boxes and we have owl boxes. But it's still not enough. Because we're next to the hills, so we get a lot of gophers.

The Van Dyke Family

Rabkin: Are your offspring and grandchildren now involved in the farm?

Van Dyke: Well, I don't know. Every generation thinks, "I don't want my children to work as hard as I do," which is a grand illusion. My oldest son, his son joined the Navy. He's a Seal. And the other one is a mechanic, which is good, although he said to me the other day, (he calls me Mommers, they both do), he says, "Mommers, maybe I should get into farming." I said, "Cody, any time you're ready, I'll be right there, right next to you." But he hasn't said that lately. My other son is in Costa Rica, and he's got his kids down there. My other son works (he wasn't that interested in farming), as a salesman of supplies for cars and trucks. He likes that. He was more into cars and trucks than he was into farming. So I don't know who is going to take over.

Rabkin: So right now it's mainly—

Van Dyke: Peter and Kurt, when he comes home in the summertime.

Rabkin: Kurt is the one in Costa Rica.

Van Dyke: That's the one in Costa Rica. He used to come and stay six to nine months here and then just go back down there for three months. He didn't make it last year because now he has two kids. He's going to come this year in May and try and stay until November. He wants his son to come up here. But he's going to have to bring him up here to live up here if he wants him to farm, because especially in the orchard business, it's hard to start late in life. My grandfather did, but times are different. It's expensive. You got to know what you're doing to make ends meet.

Surfing and Farming

Rabkin: You have combined surfing and farming throughout much of your life.

Van Dyke: Mm, hmm.

Rabkin: I wondered if you could talk about how you've combined those two passions, one of them so tied to land and the other—

Van Dyke: —to the ocean. Well, I haven't surfed much in the last few [years]. Once I took over the farm I only surfed on vacations, when I went to Mexico or somewhere. If you're running the farm, you've got something going on every day, except for those couple of weeks in the fall when there's not that much to do. My sons were both surfers, my two oldest ones. (That's why my son is in Costa Rica.) You go surfing whenever you can, when the surf's good, but not every day, like you do when you are younger. But they're a good combination. A

lot of the guys who are farmers here are surfers. They are at the farmers' market but they all go surfing in the morning. [laughs]

Rabkin: What makes it a good combination?

Van Dyke: Most of the surfers that I knew at the time that I was surfing were teachers. Three months off in the summer. Three months off, and then two weeks off in December to go surfing where it's warm. A week off at Easter to go surfing somewhere. A few skied, but still, surfing was the main love. And so firemen were surfers and garbage men were surfers, because they went to work—when garbage was something that you picked up by hand and dumped, like Doug Haut and Dan Haut and Rich Novak and all these guys that are big in the surf industry—you got up at three o'clock in the morning so you can go do garbage, so you can get off at nine and go surf all day. Lifeguarding was another thing so you could surf all day. That's how you combine it. And when you're a farmer, time's your own, really. Unless it's harvest, and then you've got to be there no matter what. So it's a good combination. And that's why I say a lot of these kids that are farmers are surfers too.

Rabkin: Are there other farmers who have been especially important allies or comrades or models for you?

Van Dyke: You don't think about models when you're young, because it's part of your life. You look at people, and you just love them. When I look back now on the men and women that I've known, I am so grateful that I've got to know these amazing people, brilliant people. Did they influence me at the time? I don't know. I just really liked them so I hung out with them. It's just a part of your life.

It's an everyday occurrence. I get together with my girlfriend, Mary. Her parents had a hundred acres at that time, and she was a prune picker. She had to pick prunes and she worked and drove truck, and did all the stuff that we all did. We have a lot of laughs together. They're very big in the farming industry now. They own, oh, two or three or four thousand acres.

Rabkin: What's her name?

Van Dyke: Raykovich? Rikovich? Her maiden name was Koticich, but her husband's name was Raykovich. He just died this past December. Wonderful man, brilliant man. I should give you his eulogy to read. It's great. You catch the essence of every farmer in the Santa Clara Valley. But anyway, whenever I get to her, she and I have a lot of laughs together because we share so many experiences like that.

The Organic Farming Community/Movement

Rabkin: How about in the organic farming community? Do you have connections with people through organizations, for example, CAFF [Community Alliance with Family Farmers] or CCOF [California Certified Organic Farmers]?

Van Dyke: Well, I've belonged to CAFF, yes, since it started, and I've belonged to CCOF since the third year. The Ecological Farming Conference that happens at [Asilomar]—the third year they had it I think we spoke on the "Successful Farmers and what They Do" panel.[4] It used to be up in La Honda when it first started, and then they moved it over to [Asilomar]. We went to it every single year until the year my son got married. He got married the same weekend and

we didn't go that year. We used to go for several days. We'd always drive instead of [staying overnight at the conference] because we were always doing something at our place. It was pruning season. I didn't go this year. I went last year. I don't go regularly like I did before. And it's changed. Because, before, all of us—we led the groups. You'd go to the conference and there would be one of us there teaching you how to trap gophers, or teaching you how to dry fruit. Amigo Bob [Cantisano] was teaching you how to make compost. Everybody was teaching each other and they were all learning from each other. Now you go there, and it's more business. It's more marketing. I don't know, it's just different. It's a lot different. It's big. But it was big before. I mean, everybody came. You'd see the same people every year. You still see the same people, but now there's a lot *more* people, you know?

Rabkin: Yes.

Early Memories of the Santa Clara Valley

Rabkin: So you've probably seen a lot of changes. I know you've seen changes in the Santa Clara Valley.

Van Dyke: Oh, yes.

Rabkin: Before we turned on the recorder, you were telling me what it looked like to move through the valley [when you were young].

Van Dyke: Oh, yes. It was a field of snow. You could always tell whose trees were blooming. First of all, you would have the almonds. There weren't any almond orchards, but those would be the first trees to bloom. When I would look

out the upstairs window, the almonds would be first. Then the second thing to bloom would be the apricots. Then after the apricots would be the prunes. Those two were really close together. Then the last thing to bloom would be the cherries. And the thing that I always found very interesting was the almonds bloomed first and were harvested last. The cherries bloomed last and they were harvested first. Which, if you think about it, that's what happens. The cherries are little tiny, tiny things, and the almonds have to get hard.

Rabkin: And you could see all this unfolding from the upstairs windows of your Cupertino house?

Van Dyke: Yes, my Cupertino house. Cupertino and Los Altos is where the ground started slowly sloping up. Los Altos was the hills. Part of Cupertino was the hills, too. But we were just on a high enough level in a two-storey house to be able to look over everything. In fact, when our street flooded on our side of the road (we were a little bit higher than the other side of the road), and our neighbor was Marian Mariani, he had an orchard over there, we would have this big pond of water there, I mean, huge, and it would start to go over to his road and then his orchard would flood. It would run like a river down there. We were just elevated a few feet, but you could see everything.

There were only a couple of peach orchards. Peaches bloom pink. There were just a few. I couldn't see to Alviso, so I could never see the pear trees bloom. Most of those were by the bay, because pears like a lot of water. They had big fields there. Row crops were over there, too.

Rabkin: So the Santa Clara Valley was dominated by orchards when you were growing up.

Van Dyke: Absolutely. You just had San Jose, Santa Clara. Cupertino was a grocery store and a post office and a bank. (Well, that came after the war.) Sunnyvale was a little town, and then Mountain View. Los Altos was really tiny, like a block. Then it was Palo Alto, Menlo Park, Redwood City and those places. But they were all tiny. They weren't connected with subdivisions like they are now. So you had a lot of room between, a lot of orchards between the little towns, so there was really a differentiation. There was a railroad track that ran along San Francisco to San Jose. We always took it. When we were working in the cannery, we'd take the train to San Francisco to go shopping. We'd take our cannery checks, [snaps fingers and laughs] four or five hundred dollars in the pocket, and go to San Francisco and buy school clothes. We'd take the train. But along the railroad tracks was also a road that you could drive on, that went through the back of all the towns, like Sunnyvale. You could go straight on that road and go through Mountain View and then Palo Alto. And Mayfair was a little town. It's part of Palo Alto now, but that was a little tiny town. In fact, I think where Jesse [Ziff] Cool has her cafe in Menlo Park[5], she's right across the street from where *Sunset*— Have you ever been there, to the *Sunset Magazine* place?

Rabkin: No.

Van Dyke: You should go. It's wonderful. Oh, it's fascinating! You can get there on that road. It's Middlefield Road, I think it's called.

Rabkin: Oh, yes. Sure.

Van Dyke: It goes along there. It's probably a four-lane highway now. I haven't been on it in years. [laughs] It used to be a two-lane dirt road. Well, dirt road at one time, and then paved.

Rabkin: Do you remember how it smelled when the orchards were blooming?

Van Dyke: Oh, yes. Paradise. Absolutely. Sometimes Easter vacation would come really early, and the trees would bloom late. You would drive up Highway 17 from Santa Cruz to go back to the valley, and before you reached the summit you could smell the blossoms. Then you reached the summit. There was no smog, so you could see all the blooms. It was beautiful, really beautiful. Blossom Hill Road—they named it that because it was a little elevated and it went along the edge of the valley there, along the foothills. You turn right when you get to Los Gatos and go on Blossom Hill Road, and you had this beautiful view of all of the valley to the left. In fact, some of the major pictures that were taken of the Santa Clara Valley at that time were from Blossom Hill Road.

In the spring in Saratoga they would have the Blossom Festival. People would come and you would sit on a hillside, and there was a little amphitheater, a little tiny, tiny Greek amphitheater. And from where you were sitting on the hillside you would see the valley in bloom in front of you, and this little Greek amphitheater where they had ballet. I saw Jasha Heifetz play the violin there when he was about seventeen or eighteen, because he lived there. We did that every year.

Capers

Rabkin: We were talking about the crops you grow, and one thing you didn't mention was capers. Are you still growing capers?

Van Dyke: Oh, yes. But that's just bushes. When I went to Europe in the sixties, my relatives there gave me gifts to take home to my parents. They were things like bread that was—Basquatina, it was called. They would make fresh bread everyday, but the bread would get dry real fast. But they never wasted it. They would put it back in the oven and dry it a little harder. They call it Basquatina and they used to soak it in their wine and eat it like that. They sent me home with Basquatina. They sent me home with a bottle of vinegar. They sent me home with a bag of dried capers. These are all things for my parents, right? [laughs] They sent me home with seeds from certain plants that were only grown there. I shipped one box home. It was all local stuff, cooked or baked, something that would survive the trip. I carried a lot of it home.

Rabkin: You said dried capers?

Van Dyke: Actually, I'm not selling them dry. I salt them, drain them, and then put them in packages. I always tried to figure out how they harvested in Croatia, because I knew that every night people went out and picked capers. In Croatia you eat your big meal at lunchtime. You take a nap after that. Then you go back to work. Around eight or nine o'clock at night you have your dinner, which is usually cold cuts, grapes, dry French bread, Turkish coffee, or things like that. And the people would go out and pick the capers when they went for their stroll in the evenings. Everybody goes someplace to stroll, in the town square, and

they have their conversations and they walk around. Then they go back home and they have their nighttime meal after that, and then they go to bed.

I brought the capers home, and they were so good compared to what we had had. I put them in the vinegar that they sent me for my father. I used some of that vinegar to soak the capers. My son and I ate, I think, five pounds in a month. [laughs] Oh, not that many, but it was a bag like this. I told my mother, "We have to grow capers." She had a friend who must have brought a plant because it's really hard to grow from seeds. She got a start from him and she and I planted one caper. She told me we had to build it up because it grew out of walls. So we built up a pile of dirt and then we surrounded it with rocks (smart woman) and then we planted our caper in that. From there, I managed to propagate four or five plants. I did this in the spring, and I'd do them every spring and forget to water them and they die. But one year I kept an eye on them and I planted four or five plants, and I planted them up high in a container of cement and steel, rebar (whatever they call it) so that I wouldn't have to bend over. Little did I know that the caper bush grows like this. When it's in the ground you can pick it. Now my bush is so high I have to get a ladder to get up there. [laughs]

Rabkin: [laughs]

Van Dyke: I had four plants in there and I made it really wide to begin with, and high, and the cement is cracking because the roots are spreading it. So I don't know what I'm going to do. So I've got cracks now in five places, and my sons keep telling me it's not going to fall apart because they put the rebar in it really

strong. I'm looking at it. It's got cracks this big. When I go to water it, the water runs out. So I need to put some more somewhere in the soil.

Rabkin: Do you sell your capers?

Van Dyke: Yes. I wouldn't if it weren't for the people at the farmers' market. I have some real fanatic caper followers. [laughs] I can't get new customers because they get mad if I don't have them. I have to make sure the ones that have been buying them the longest get them first.

Rabkin: Oh, boy.

Van Dyke: [laughs]

Rabkin: I can see I need to get on the waiting list.

Van Dyke: Well, there's a gal in Watsonville. I haven't gone to her place yet, but she bought eighty-eight caper plants. She got them through Sierra Azul [Nursery]. She first talked to me at the farmers' market. I showed her pictures of my caper plants and how they were growing, and she said, "I planted mine too close." [laughs] I told her I'd come and see her, but I still haven't gone up there yet. I gotta go. She's just a little way off the road on Hecker Pass, and I should go. Have you got watercress growing in there? [pointing at a plant in Rabkin's house]

Rabkin: Cilantro.

Van Dyke: Oh, it's cilantro!

Rabkin: It was bolting so we took the last plant, just for eating for the next few days.

Van Dyke: Oh, so you put it in there. From here, from a distance, it looks like watercress. I have watercress in Gilroy that grows in a ditch that I pick all the time. And then the county comes out and cleans the ditch and then I go back to the grocery store and buy watercress, bring it back, and plant it in the ditch. [laughs]

Farmers' Markets

Rabkin: You mentioned selling at farmers' markets. Which ones do you sell at?

Van Dyke: I'm just doing the Live Oak one on Sunday mornings between 15th and 17th Avenue on East Cliff Drive. And then the Westside one is at the last stoplight on the way out of town on Saturday mornings.

Rabkin: Do you go out there yourself, or do you have people selling for you?

Van Dyke: No, no. I just do it myself. You can't make enough to have someone—Fresh stuff you reproduce everyday. Dried fruit is something that you keep for a long time. It's expensive. You have to be able to sell it, and if you paid someone you wouldn't make any money. So we just do that. But it's fun.

Rabkin: What are the major outlets for both your dried and fresh fruit?

Van Dyke: Well, even the stores that are organic will take our conventional, what I call the dormant spray. Whole Foods. The Real Foods. Veritable Vegetable. Everybody. The same people we've sold to for years. But like I say,

Whole Foods has bought most of the stores we've sold to in the United States. So I'm assuming they either ship them there, or maybe they are using other apricots there. We used to sell all over—to South Carolina, North Carolina, Florida, Minnesota, Massachusetts, Michigan—you name it. Boston. We sold everywhere.

Rabkin: When you look at the current market for organic produce, and you think about your son and maybe grandkids on the farm, do you feel hopeful about the future of this industry?

Van Dyke: Oh, the organic industry? Absolutely. Yes. From day one. Because this is what we all like. One of my closest friends that we shared a house with became an organic farmer right away before Chadwick was up at the university. They just started growing things organically in their vegetable garden. They've been like that forever. Then Community Foods started. It all kind of started here where people wanted to be away from pesticides. My father was like that. "Don't put— No pesticides. Nothing that kills anything." And we always had gardens during the war. Later on, when my mother got older, and my grandfather, we didn't have them anymore. But we always used to grow our own food, because it's better for you. They did the same thing in Europe. They were only doing what they did there. If you live on an island you've got to grow everything.

Rabkin: Yes. And it looks like the market for it is continuing to grow.

Van Dyke: Yes. And the other thing that's growing, too, is the farmers' markets. There is a book I read by a woman writer. She wrote a book about a year on a farm with the family.

Rabkin: Was this Barbara Kingsolver's book?

Van Dyke: Yes, yes.

Rabkin: *Animal, Vegetable, Miracle.*[6]

Van Dyke: Did you read that?

Rabkin: Mm, hmm.

Van Dyke: Oh, that was great. [laughs] You know, if you don't have a garden for a long time, you forget what it's like to go in your garden and pick something and then put it in a pot and eat it. At the farmers' market I'm always taking something home that the kids have picked that day. And it's *so* much better than anything you get in the store. I think farmers' markets are going to keep expanding. People flock to them. If you've got fresh vegetables that you're growing every day, they sell out really fast.

Rabkin: Do you see any trends in organic farming that worry you?

Van Dyke: That worry me?

Rabkin: Or in the market?

Van Dyke: Well, you find an unscrupulous farmer here and there. I know that. But usually if you've got someone that's around the farmers' market they're pretty dedicated. Everybody that I know in the market is a dedicated farmer, and honest, and loyal. They're not really out to make a killing. They're just making a living. I think it's the way to go.

Buy Fresh, Buy Local

And the Buy Fresh, Buy Local too. The imports. [We are] in one of the businesses that was really affected by imports thirty years ago. [The United States] first imported apricots from Turkey when we cut all relationships with Iran. Iran was the supplier of all of the dried apricots to California at the time. Well, Iran couldn't ship to us anymore. And there were no Turkish apricots. The next year, all of a sudden, here's Turkish apricots looking very much like Iranian apricots in that package. [laughs] I told my kids. I said, "They're shipping . . ." And besides, we had Iranian friends, too, that were living in Santa Cruz. They used to come over and eat my apricots. Because their parents grew little apricot trees in their yard, so we had a little following of them. But anyway, I just figured that they were shipping them through Turkey. Then Turkey started planting more orchards. Now I don't know how much Turkey is doing, but I know that twenty or thirty years ago when this first started (I think it was about 1980), almost thirty years ago, one of the farmers went to Turkey to see what was going on, and they were planting big fields of apricots at that time. Plus, they were planning on damming the Euphrates River, which I thought was going to really make everybody down the road mad, because that's the main supply of water for all the different countries. I don't know if they finished their dam, or what they did, but I remember reading that once they had that dam in, that valley was going to be even bigger than California's Central Valley, as far as growing stuff. I haven't read anything about it in years, but I'm sure it went on, because there's lots of Turkish imports.

But anyway, this is what I feel too, as far as Buy Fresh, Buy Local—I try not to buy anything imported. I don't want to buy something that's traveled for a week to get here. The other thing is, if anything happens in the world and we don't have gas or oil and transportation and things like that, and all of our farmers are gone, this is a big country. Nobody thinks that's going to happen. I'm not saying that that's going to happen, because the world is really big. But just the same, it's nice to have all these young farmers with the farmers' markets and growing—Google [company headquarters, in Mountain View, California] buys everything local for their cafeteria. Ever since they've been around, they've had this cafeteria where everybody eats and everything is organic and local. In fact, I'm going to contact them to see if this year— [laughs]

Rabkin: How about development pressures on farmland?

Agricultural Preserves

Van Dyke: Where we are in Gilroy we're in an agricultural preserve, which got every farmer there furious. The Santa Clara County Board of Supervisors had a meeting with all of us in South County. My father wasn't going to meetings so he sent me. My cousins went and all the farmers from there went. I mean, they shoved it down our throats. The people who were farmers there wanted to have control of their own land and not be told what to do with it. I'm not against a preserve. I think that the whole Santa Clara Valley should have been preserved. It's one of the finest places to grow fruit in the world. When they put every freeway in, they never used a stick of dynamite. You know, they go down thirty feet to make an underpass. It was all scoop.

Rabkin: Wow.

Van Dyke: I didn't know you had to work in a garden until I got to Santa Cruz. I didn't know about hardpan. You put a seed in the ground in Cupertino, it grew. The whole valley was like that. The whole valley. It was the richest valley in the world.

But anyway, we are in the agricultural preserve. I think [about] what's happening in the Central Valley. They're losing thousands of acres a day by development going in. You see it every time you go to Lake Tahoe and go skiing. It used to be all wide-open spaces and now it's all subdivisions. Not all that land was excellent. But a lot of it is. And usually it's the good land that goes first. You don't get the land that's not so good. So I have no idea what's going to happen.

Rabkin: I'd love to hear you talk about what you love most about being a farmer.

Van Dyke: It's a great life. It's really a good life. My friend Nick Raykovich, who just passed away, always used to tell his kids, "Listen," he said, "When you get grown up in life, find something you like to do and you'll never work a day in your life." That's how I feel. It's a good way to put it. If it's something you really like doing, it's work, but it's not work. Yes.

Younger Apprentice Organic Farmers

I admire all of these kids who got into agriculture early, the ones I'm meeting at the farmers' market, the ones that went to Chadwick's classes in the early years, the ones I've known. Jeff Larkey [of Route One Farms] came to the orchard *years* ago! He didn't tell me that until the other day. I've known him forever, since he

had long hair and a long beard. [laughs] I didn't see him for awhile until I started doing farmers' markets, and I didn't recognize him. But there're a lot of people that came to the farm because Jim Nelson from Camp Joy used to come every year, and Jeff came with Jim.[7]

I had this coterie of people who would come for the cherries. I looked forward to it every year. They'd come and clean out the orchards. The best fruit in the cherry orchard is what's left on the trunk at the end. It's big, real pretty, real dark. People would come. I just wouldn't let them use ladders. Just come in and glean it. And then charge them so much a pound. They'd all come in real honest, and they'd weigh their stuff, and they'd pay me the money. It was just fun being with the people, and watching them grow up, and come year after year, and bring their kids when they got older. Now they're all doing something else, so I don't get that many. Now I get older people that used to cut apricots when they were young. They come from all over the place and they come in and they start crying when they see the cutting shed. And they go and they want to cut apricots. They get excited. But that breed is going to die, too.

Rabkin: So you got to know a bunch of the people who are now establishing themselves as farmers in the area, when they were young apprentice farmers.

Van Dyke: When they were young, apprentice farmers. Jim picked all the tart cherries one year on the cherry tree and he went home and he made wine. [laughs] And he came to Gilroy and brought me some wine and we sat in the trailer and we got drunk! [laughs hard] In fact, he entered it in the Santa Cruz wine contest and he got a ribbon!

went broke and then it became Community Foods. Were you here in Santa Cruz at that time when it was over there somewhere?

Rabkin: I came in just at the end of that.

Van Dyke: Community Foods was over by Seventh Avenue, but before [that] it was over close to Dominican [Hospital], over there. That's where I first started selling and that's when Heidi Skolnik said to me, "Why don't you get certified?" And I said, "Okay. All right. I'll do it." So that's the story, basically. One fell swoop. Going organic was not that hard. It was something that we were kind of into to begin with.

Rabkin: So the certification process wasn't that onerous for you?

Van Dyke: At that time if you were a CCOF member, part of your job was to certify somebody. So you had to go out, and because you were part of the group you had to be real hard-nosed about stuff. But everybody was *wanting* to do it. You didn't have to say, "Don't do this; don't do that." Nobody was using pesticides. You were just trying to figure it out. Starting out with ten rows of trees is nothing when you had sixty or ninety acres. I mean, that was nothing to worry about. I was more concerned about the bigger crop. But everything worked out really well.

Rabkin: Well, thank you very much, Betty.

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[1] For more on the history of Croatian immigrants in California agriculture see Donna F. Mekis and Kathryn Mekis Miller, *Blossoms Into Gold: The Croatians in the Pajaro Valley* (Capitola Book Company, 2009).
[2] See the oral history with Heidi Skolnick in this series.
[3] See the oral history with Ken Kimes and Sandra Ward in this series.

[4] See the oral histories with Amigo Bob Cantistano and Zea Sonnabend, as well as other oral histories in this series, for more on Eco-Farm.
[5] Flea Street Cafe.
[6] Barbara Kingsolver with Steven L. Hopp and Camille Kingsolver, *Animal, Vegetable, Miracle: A Year of Food Life* (HarperCollins Publishers, 2007).
[7] See the oral histories with Jeff Larkey and with Jim Nelson in this series.

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UC Santa Cruz

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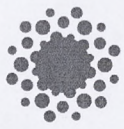
Abstract:
Born in 1932 to Croatian American farmers in the Santa Clara Valley town of Cupertino, Betty Van Dyke saw her fertile home ground transformed, in a few decades, from seemingly endless orchards to unrelenting urban sprawl. As the energetic matriarch of a popular family-run fruit-growing business, she has since participated in the region's organic agricultural renaissance, overseeing one of the first California operations to grow and dry fruit organically (becoming certified in 1986), and playing an active role in the early days of California Certified Organic Farmers (CCOF). And as a member of one of the region's noted surfing families, she built this thriving business while sustaining her love affair with Pacific ocean waves.

Van Dyke Ranch sits at the base of the Gavilan Mountains in Gilroy, Santa Clara County, on a southern exposure perfectly suited for growing sweet, flavorful Blenheim apricots and Bing cherries. The ranch produces fresh fruit in season and dried apricots, cherries, nectarines, peaches, pears, and persimmons throughout the year. (A rarer delicacy available to a few farmers'-market patrons are home-grown capers, the pickled flower buds of plants propagated from a thirty-year-old bush planted by Betty's mother.) Betty Van Dyke and her three sons took over from her father in the mid-1970s. While son Peter and various grandchildren now carry most of the day-to-day responsibility for the ranch, Betty still holds down two weekly farmers'-market booths, and commutes frequently to Gilroy from her Santa Cruz home to help with ranch work during busy seasons.

Sarah Rabkin interviewed Betty Van Dyke at Rabkin's Soquel home on April 16, 2008. A lively storyteller with an easy smile, Van Dyke shared memories of picking apricots on her grandfather's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farm as a small child, working and playing alongside migrant dust-bowl refugees from Oklahoma and Arkansas, discovering surfing as a college student in the 1950s, and running an evolving Van Dyke Ranch.

Supporting material:

1. Audio Clip: “My Father Farmed Without Chemicals” (2:51)[stream | download]

Supporting Material
Audio Clip: “My Father Farmed Without Chemicals” (2:51)

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Victoria and Paul Mariani family -
left to right: Winifred, Mathilda and Irene -
Taken about 1916-18 -

negative in our file

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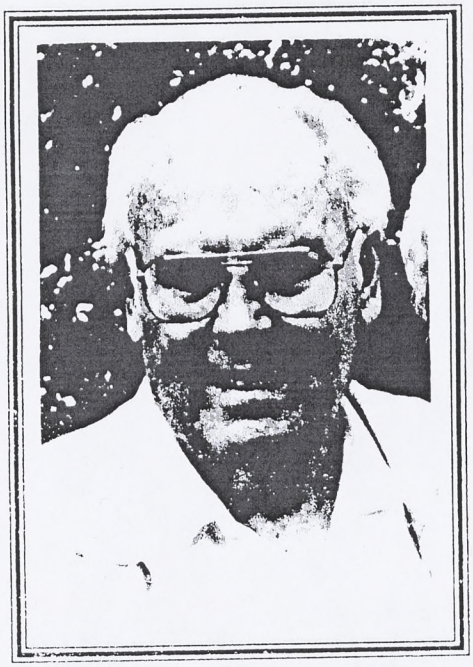
Mariani

Paul Mariani Family Circa 1913

Standing: Victoria

Front row: Winifred, Mathilda, Paul, Sr. Irene



JOSEPH JACK MARIANI

1912–1994

FUNERAL RITES

SAINT JOSEPH OF CUPERTINO CHURCH
CUPERTINO, CALIFORNIA

7:00 PM
Friday, July 1, 1994

FATHER JOSEPH J. MILANI, PASTOR
Presiding

†

In Loving Memory of

Jack Mariani

June 4, 1912
June 28, 1994

THE LORD is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil; for thou art with me thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Lima Family Santa Clara Mortuary
Santa Clara, California

NEWS

City honors volunteers for making a difference

The city has chosen 10 volunteers who have made outstanding contributions to the city of Cupertino as recipients of the 1994 CREST Awards.

The Cupertino Recognizes Extra Steps Taken awards ceremony will take place May 20 at 7 p.m. in the Quinlan Community Center, 10185 N. Stelling Road. The annual event is hosted by the Cupertino City Council.

This year's recipients are:

STEVE ANDREWS, president of the McWhorter's Stationers chain, who makes significant contributions of time, resources and merchandise to the Cupertino educational community. He is a member of the Cupertino Education Endowment Fund board of directors and president-elect of Cupertino Community Services and serves on the Cupertino Chamber of Commerce's board.

EUNICE COX, Cupertino's representative for the state's Council on Aging, served as last year's chair of the Santa Clara County Council on Aging Advisory Committee and is an active member of the Cupertino Senior Center, where she initiated the idea of holding forums on health-reform issues. She is a retired college professor and consultant and has been on the senior center's voluntary advisory committee for four years.

DAVID LEE and **ART PETERSEN**, who are being honored particularly for their work with the Cupertino Host Lions Club. The two members were instrumental in constructing a utility building at Blackberry Farm, which was then donated to the city of Cupertino. Lee was co-chair of the project, and the building is available for all groups to use at the recreational facility. Petersen was a project volunteer and also is recognized for his active participation as a cook for the homeless in the kitchen of Our Daily Bread.

RICHARD LOHMILLER, who was selected because of his efforts on behalf of the Cupertino Chamber of Commerce and the Cupertino Rotary Club. He served as co-chair of the chamber's major fundraiser and as chairman of the Rotary's Oktoberfest; both events required an enormous amount of time and energy. In the past year, he has volunteered more than 300 hours. He also serves the city of Cupertino as one of its parks and recreation commissioners.

RICHARD "JOE" MADDIGAN, who has served on a number of community boards for the past 20 years and is most active with the Cupertino Host Lions Club, where he has held all leadership roles. He is the organization's treasurer, budget director and program chair. Maddigan also has served as president of the Chamber of Commerce and is on the Cupertino Community Services board of directors. He has donated many volunteer hours for CCS fundraisers. The attorney also volunteers time serving as a judge pro tem in Cupertino Municipal Court.

HELEN RIISBERG, a volunteer for the California History Center for 10 years, who travels to the center by bus each week so that she can perform her duties. Her activities there include maintaining the center's clipping file, assisting students and the community in the library, helping at special receptions and at the annual book sale, participating in the docent program, and assisting during weekend events.

BARBARA JEAN STOLPMAN, chair of the Cupertino Chamber of Commerce's Citizen of the Year event and active in the group's summer Art and Country Festival. She also serves as president of the Quota Club, which sponsors the Dickens Fair and is an active volunteer for the YMCA/Tandem Computers Up and Running event.

MATHILDA MARIANI SOUSA, who is honored for her work with the Cupertino Historical Museum. Last year, she took on many responsibilities, including coordinating the museum volunteers to ensure staffing at two museum sites, often filling in herself when she was unable to find other volunteers. She has been a member of the Cupertino Historical Society for 20 years and was instrumental in opening the historical museum in 1990.

ELEANOR WATANABE, whose volunteer efforts span a wide range of public service, from education to health care to fine arts. She is president of the Cupertino Educational Endowment Foundation and has been a board member of that organization for 20 years. She has been a driving force behind Bridges, a parent-education lecture series co-sponsored by the Cupertino-Fremont Council PTA. She also is president of the De Anza College Commission and the Euphrat Museum of Art board of directors and is active on the El Camino Hospital Foundation board.

BRIEFS

Water district asks citizens to conserve

The Santa Clara Valley Water District's board of directors officially declared a drought watch March 10, asking county residents to conserve water.

The water district, a wholesale water supplier serving Santa Clara County, is asking customers to voluntarily cut their water use by 15 percent–20 percent, as compared to 1987 usage levels.

The district will continue its ultra–low flush toilet rebate program and other plumbing-retrofit programs and reclamation projects. Municipal water-efficient landscape ordinances will also help the district achieve the water-use cutback.

After conducting a snow survey May 2, the state Department of Water Resources declared a drought watch. The water district receives about half of its water supply from state and federal water projects.

Councilmember recovers from bike accident

Cupertino City Council member and bicycling enthusiast Don Burnett is recuperating following a May 3 bicycle accident in which he incurred two fractured bones and lung damage.

Doctors predict a full recovery with physical therapy. Burnett returned to action at the May 16 Cuperti-

The Ne

VOLUME 2, NUMBER 15 CUPERTINO,

Cupertino's oldest

Some want to preserve the Andersen house

By ANNIE BELT

Tanessa Handl, 12, urged the Cupertino Planning Commission last week to save the 124-year-old Andersen house at 19340 Phil Lane.

Handl and her friends, Kathy Lefstad and Mira O' Brian, both also 12, frequently ride their bicycles past the historic home during neighborhood explorations, she said.

The home spurs their imaginations, prompting fanciful visions and tales about the former residents of the old "Miller Mansion."

In an effort to convey what the aging structure means to her, Handl read the commission a tale she wrote about a trip back in time to visit the home's former residents.

Fairgrove neighborhood residents and planning commissioners appeared less than enthusiastic April 25 about saving the home built for Elias and Sarah Miller—for whom Miller Avenue was named—in 1870. No representative from the Cupertino Historical Society attended the meeting to defend the home's historic significance.

"Many of us feel that the Anderson house has no historical value and is not worth saving," one Fairgrove resident said.

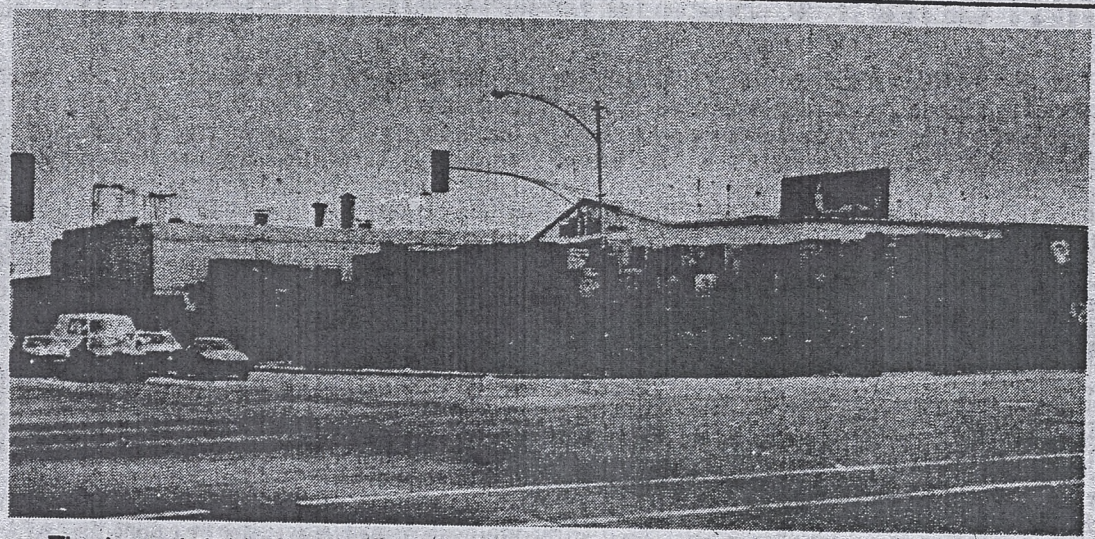
"I mourned the loss of the Cali Food Mill," Commissioner Andrea

HOME OF
PAUL R.
Mariani
CO.

Cupertino COURIER/ Cam

The large billboard reads "Home of Mariani Co." but the fruit packing plant known as a landmark in Cupertino will eventually become the home of hundreds of people. The 19-acre site on the corner of Homestead Road and De Anza Boulevard has been approved as the location of a 533-unit condominium project.

Cupertino COURIER/ Cam



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3 Mariani Sisters
Irene, Winifred & Mathilda

Circa 1915

1935

FOUR GENERATIONS

Great Grandma Irene Svilich Grandma: Victoria Svilich Marian
Mother: Mathilda Mariani Sousa Children: George Sousa

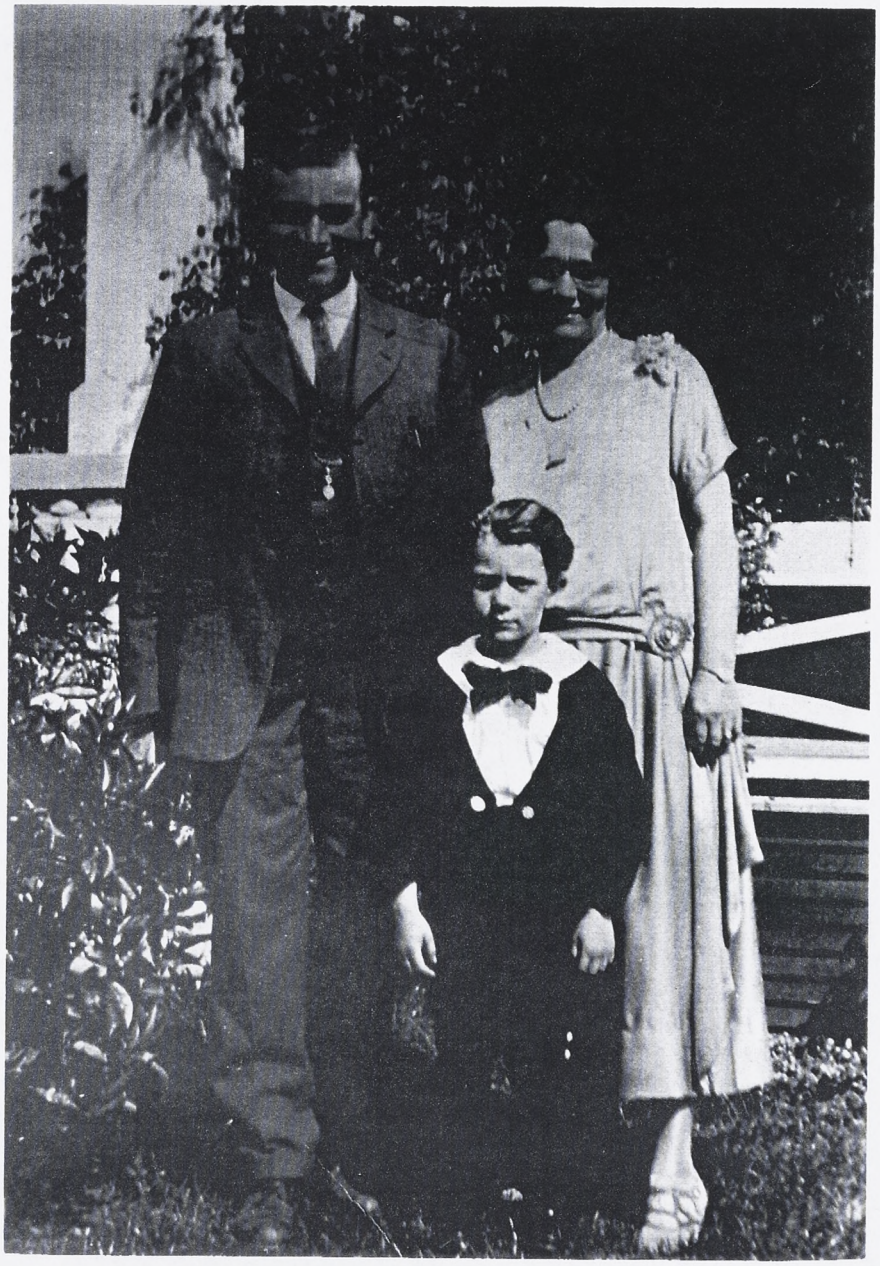
1935 Marian Sousa

Picture of the
Mariani Family:

Winifred, Irene, Mathilda,
Paul Jr., Paul Sr. & Victoria

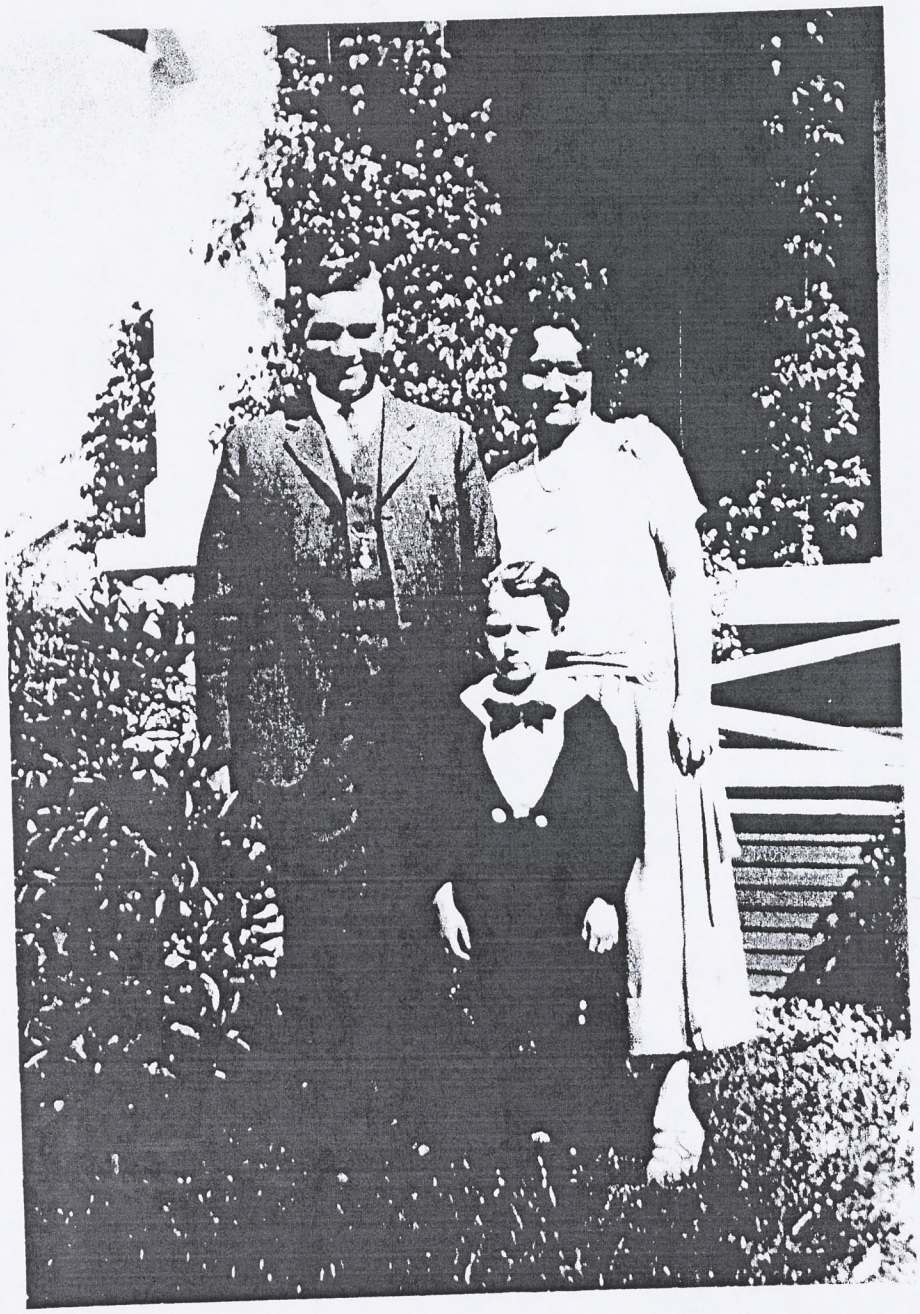
1924

Victoria and Paul Mariani
w/ (L-R) Winifred, Mathilda,
and Irene 1916-1918



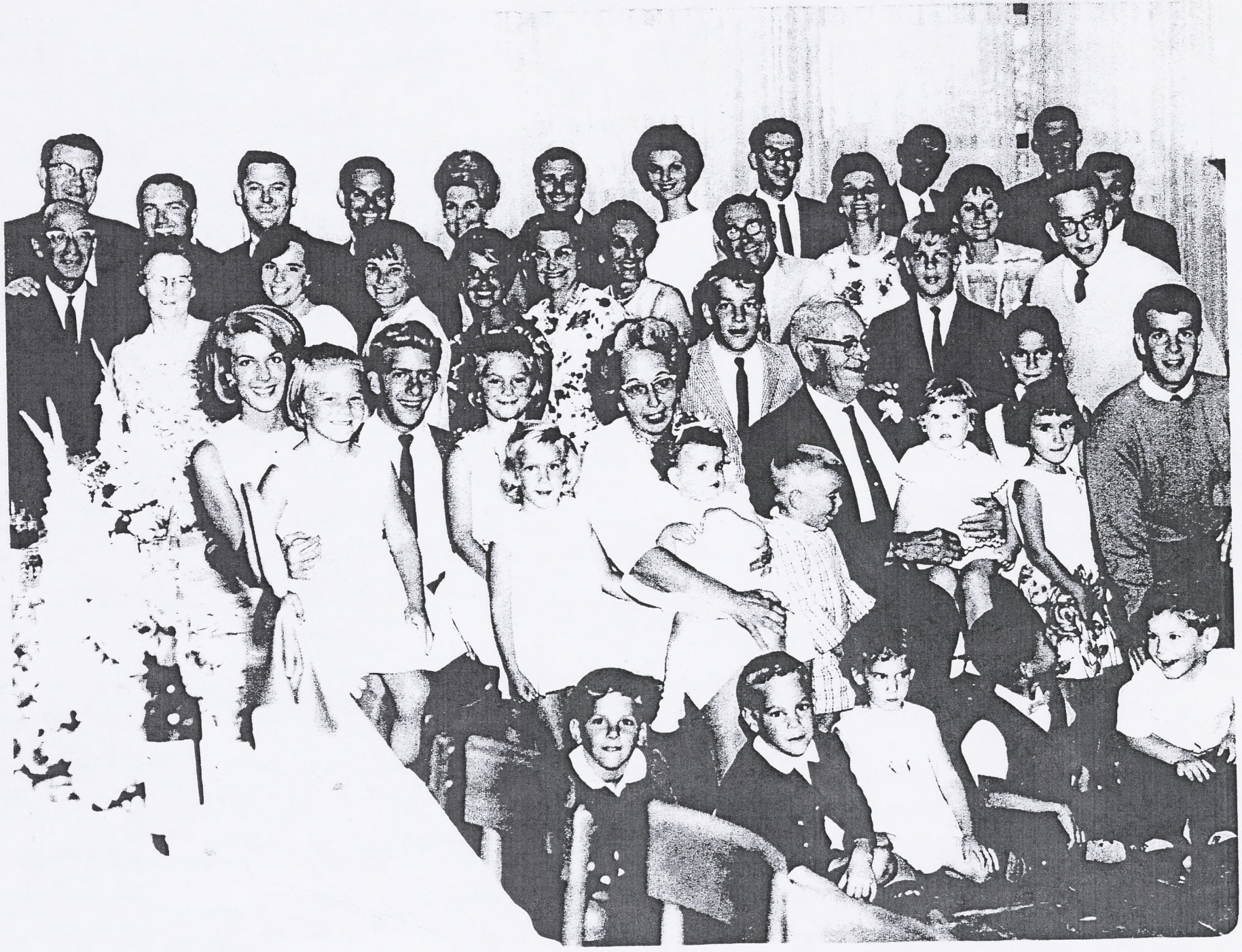
Paul Marini, Sr. Victoria Mariani
Paul Mariani, Jr.

Circa 1923



Paul, Victoria, and Paul Jr. Sr.
Mariani

Circa 1923



Jack Mariani Jr., member of family prominent in dried fruit packing

BY MACK LUNDSTROM
Mercury News Staff Writer

It was like a new toy for octogenarian Jack Mariani Jr. — lasers in the 1990s sorting walnuts on a conveyor belt to ensure that none of those infuriating bits of shell slipped by.

That scene in Winters in Yolo County is a far cry from the 1920s on Blaney Avenue in Cupertino, where the Mariani name was synonymous with prunes and 'cots — dried fruit, period.

It still is for the family that in 1909 started coming to the United States from the Island of Vis in the Adriatic Sea off the Dalmatian Coast of what was then Austria-Hungary, later Yugoslavia, now Croatia.

The first of three brothers to immigrate to the United States was Paul A. Mariani Sr., who got a head start on Marian and Jack Sr. in enterprises that eventually turned into one of the world's largest independent brand name dried fruit packing concerns.

Jack Mariani Sr. had joined Paul Sr. in 1910, but when he went back home to marry his sweetheart, Lukra Bozanich, he was drafted into Austria-Hungary's navy and ended up serving for 11 years. He finally brought Lukra, Jack Jr., Louis, Winifred and Kathryn to California in the 1920s and began growing prunes, apricots and cherries. He lived until he was 95 in 1983.

His sons were partners and followed in his footsteps, except for Lou Jr., who oversees Mariani's Restaurant in Santa Clara.

Jack Jr. and Lou Sr. farmed until land development forced them to move north. They began growing more walnuts and fewer prunes in Yolo, Yuba, Solano and Butte counties.

■ **Born:** June 4, 1912, Komiza, Island of Vis, Croatia. ■ **Died:** June 28, 1994, San Jose, Calif. ■ **Survived by:** Wife, Gladys Mariani of Cupertino; daughter, Louann Choate of Gridley; son, Dennis of Winters; sister, Winifred Mardesich of Cupertino; brother, Louis of Cupertino. ■ **Services:** Memorial at 7 p.m. today at St. Joseph of Cupertino Church, 10110 N. De Anza Blvd., Cupertino; private burial in Santa Clara Mission Cemetery. ■ **Memorial:** Donations may be made in Mr. Mariani's name to the O'Connor Hospital Foundation, 2105 Forest Ave., San Jose; or to Sutter Cancer Center Research, 5275 F St., Sacramento, Calif. 95819.

Growing trees was never far from the mind of Jack Mariani Jr. and he was a perfect partner, said his brother. "He was a very reserved man, very giving; he expected nothing in return."

Something was wrong with any person who could not get along with his brother, said Lou Mariani.

Although Jack's son, Dennis, oversees English walnut growing and processing operations in Winters, his father never disengaged, even in his 80s, making the trip from San Jose each week to fiddle with mechanical things. More than two-thirds of their acreage now is in walnuts and less than a third in prunes. It was a tit-for-tat arrangement with the family of Paul Sr., who died in 1966, and Paul Jr., who died in 1979. All the nuts are processed in Winters, the fruit at Mariani Packing Co. in San Jose.

Jack Mariani Jr. had served on the board of the old Santa Clara County Water Conservation District and he was active in numerous Slavonian organizations. He particularly liked taking visually impaired and disabled youngsters fishing for the Cupertino Host Lions Club.

Mr. Mariani's first wife, Mary, died in 1971, and he married Gladys Hall two years later.

When Mr. Mariani learned he had contracted prostate cancer he found himself in the hospital taking chemotherapy at the same time as his brother Lou was undergoing heart by-pass surgery. "Not a day went by that they didn't visit each other," said Dennis Mariani.

All Jack Mariani talked about was how well the crops were doing, said his brother.

"I don't think he thought he was going to die," said Dennis Mariani. But Joseph Jack Mariani Jr. did, at age 82 Tuesday in his Cupertino home.

"I never really watched a person die," said his son. "After something like this happens, you reflect. I hope I'm treating my kids as my dad treated me.

"The later I'd stay out at night, the earlier his light would go on the next morning.

"We've got this to do and out we'd go. He'd be right there with me."

by Peter Emig

PAUL A. MARIANI SR. CAME TO THE SANTA CLARA VALLEY IN 1903 TO WORK IN THE ORCHARDS TILL 1909 WHEN HE STARTED ONE OF HIS OWN. STILL STRONG OF BODY, HE IS KEENLY INTERESTED IN THE HEALTHY GROWTH OF FRUIT THAT HE PERSONALLY SUPERVISES BY CAR – MORE THAN 1000 ACRES OF CHERRIES, APRICOTS, PRUNES & WALNUTS EACH SEASON.

MARIANI FRUITS ARE SHIPPED FROM CALIFORNIA PROCESSING PLANTS TO EVERY COUNTRY IN THE WORLD. FRANCE, ENGLAND, GERMANY, BELGIUM, JAPAN AND SOUTH AMERICA ARE LARGE CONSUMERS OF SANTA CLARA VALLEY FRUITS.

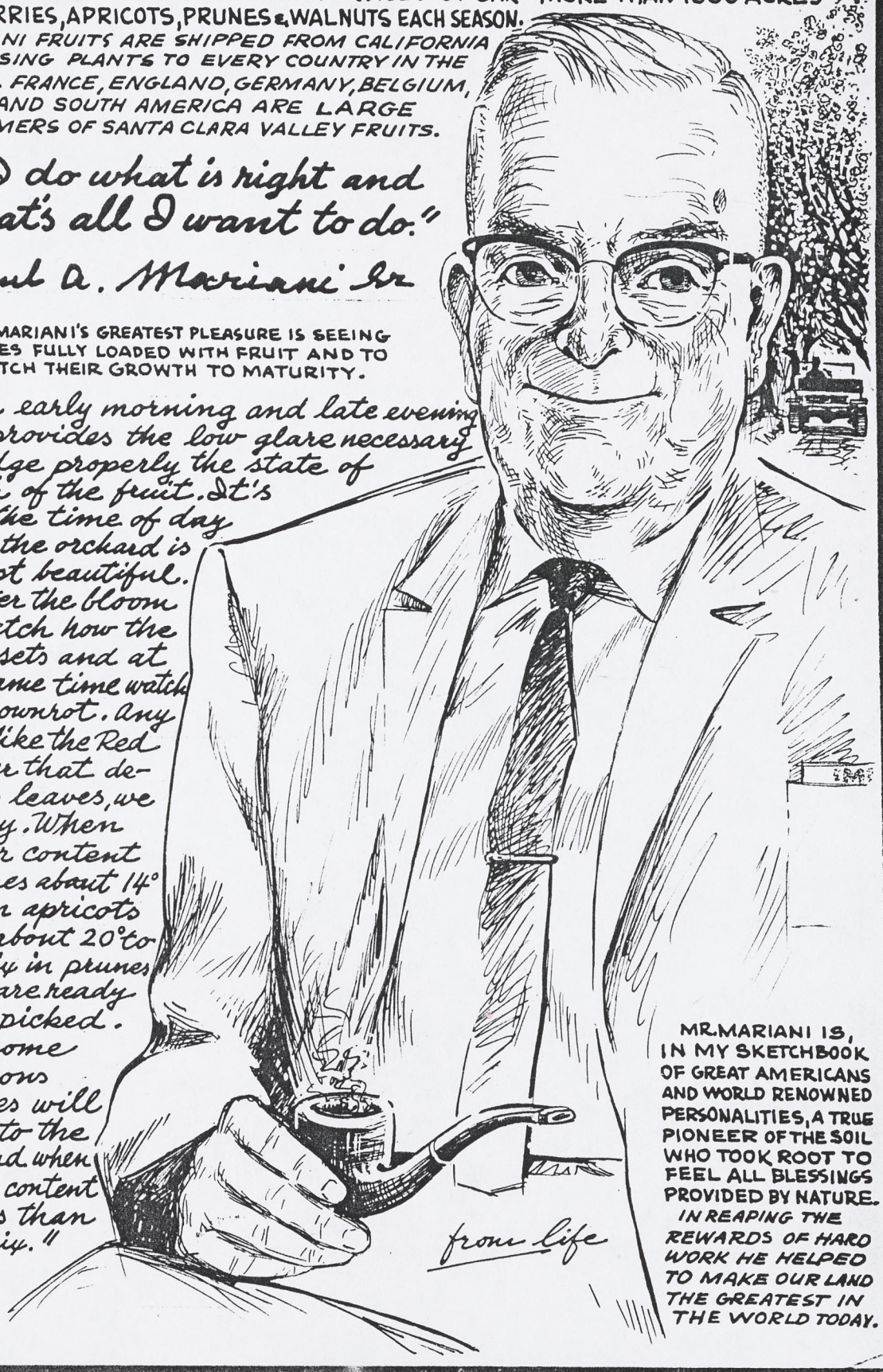
"I do what is right and that's all I want to do."

Paul A. Mariani Sr

MR. MARIANI'S GREATEST PLEASURE IS SEEING TREES FULLY LOADED WITH FRUIT AND TO WATCH THEIR GROWTH TO MATURITY.

"The early morning and late evening sun provides the low glare necessary to judge properly the state of health of the fruit. It's also the time of day when the orchard is the most beautiful.

"After the bloom we watch how the fruit sets and at the same time watch for brownrot. Any pest like the Red Spider that destroys leaves, we spray. When sugar content reaches about 14° brix in apricots and about 20° to 24° brix in prunes they are ready to be picked. In some sections prunes will drop to the ground when sugar content is less than 20° brix."



from life

MR. MARIANI IS, IN MY SKETCHBOOK OF GREAT AMERICANS AND WORLD RENOWNED PERSONALITIES, A TRUE PIONEER OF THE SOIL WHO TOOK ROOT TO FEEL ALL BLESSINGS PROVIDED BY NATURE. IN REAPING THE REWARDS OF HARD WORK HE HELPED TO MAKE OUR LAND THE GREATEST IN THE WORLD TODAY.

Mathiesen

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Mathiesen Family in Cupertino

Auntie Em Meyerholz delivering mail

The Mathais Mathiesen Family
By Martin Mathiesen
March 1991

My father, Mathais Mathiesen, was born in Schleswig, Denmark in 1880 in a little hamlet called Tisholm. Schleswig was taken over by Germany in 1864 and returned to Denmark in 1914. His parents were Danish citizens, but he was born under the German flag, so he was a German citizen.

Mathais Mathiesen served in the German army for two years and during the second year was an elite guard at the Kaiser's Palace in Berlin. He came to the U.S. in 1907, settled in Santa Clara with his brother and went to work in the coffin shop of the P.M. Lumber Company in Santa Clara. He was a skilled cabinetmaker. He became a United States citizen two years after his arrival in America.

My mother, Marie Christina Askov, was born also in Schleswig, Denmark, in 1884, in a little town called Gonasager. She graduated from high school and came to the United States in 1908. Upon her arrival in California, she went to work for Professor Mary, the head of the Stanford Chemistry Department.

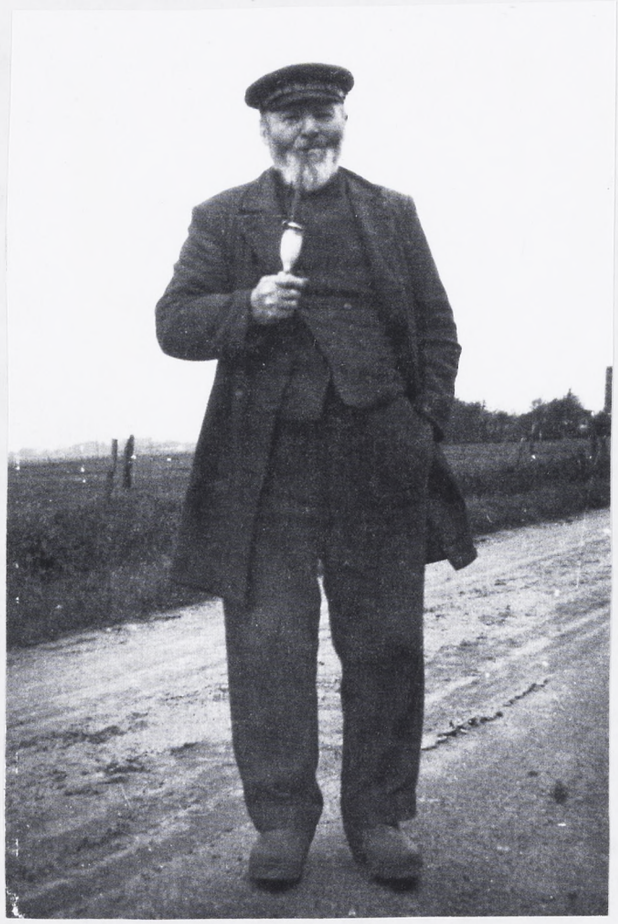
Through Danish friends in the area, Mathais and Marie met and were married in 1910.

Soon after their marriage, they bought a ten acre prune ranch on Stevens Creek Road, in the Bollinger Tract. In 1911 their only child, Martin, was born. The family lived on the ranch until Mathais died in 1942. In 1946 the ranch was sold to Mike Olivari and Marie moved to Santa Clara, where she lived until her death in 1959.

Matt was active in the formation of the Sunsweet Prune and Apricot Growers Association in the Valley and was a strong supporter of the Association.

Both Mathais and Marie were active in forming the Cupertino Elementary School District - our area was located in the Doyle School District at that time. They also were active in supporting the formation of the Westside High School District.

They were so happy to be in America and to be citizens. They very seldom spoke Danish or German. Their motto was, "We are in America now, speak English."



MARTIN Mathiesen, Grandfather of MARTY Mathiesen, IN Denmark

Marty Mathiesen with his mother, Marie.

McClellan

WILLIAM TAYLOR McCLELLAN

According the the Maclellan Clan, the Maclellan name has been traced back to early Scotland.

Although William T. McClellan related that he was born 14 Sep 1810 in East Tennessee, we first find evidence of him in Van Buran County, Missouri, where the marriage of William Taylor McClellan and Eveline Dickey 14 Mar 1839 is recorded. (1989, Van Buran County is now part of Cass County with Harrisonville the County Seat).

The Wm T. McClellan family is recorded in the 1840 Census in Van Buran (Cass) County.

According to Legend, William T. McClellan with his wife, Eveline, and five children left St. Joseph, MO by wagon train in the spring of 1849 arriving in California in the fall of 1849 when the youngest daughter, Phoebe Evelyn was one year old. One daughter, Mary Jane died on the trail and was buried in an unmarked grave.

The California Census for Santa Clara County in 1852 shows the Wm. T. McClellan family living in San Jose. About this time He purchased the ranch of Captain Stevens which is now part of the McClellan Ranch Park in Cupertino. McClellan Road is named after Mr. McClellan.

Altogether, the McClellans had 10 children, 5 born in Missouri: Lavina, Wallace, Annie, Mary Jane (died on the trail) and Phoebe Evelyn and 5 in California: Theadore, James, Joseph, Frank and Grace. They farmed this land until William T. McClellan died 4 Feb 1888 and was buried in the Old Cumberland Presbyterian Church Cemetery of Mountain View. In the 1930's the cemetery was surrounded by Mountain View. The city laid Mr. McClellan's gravestone, along with others, flat and a city park established on the site.

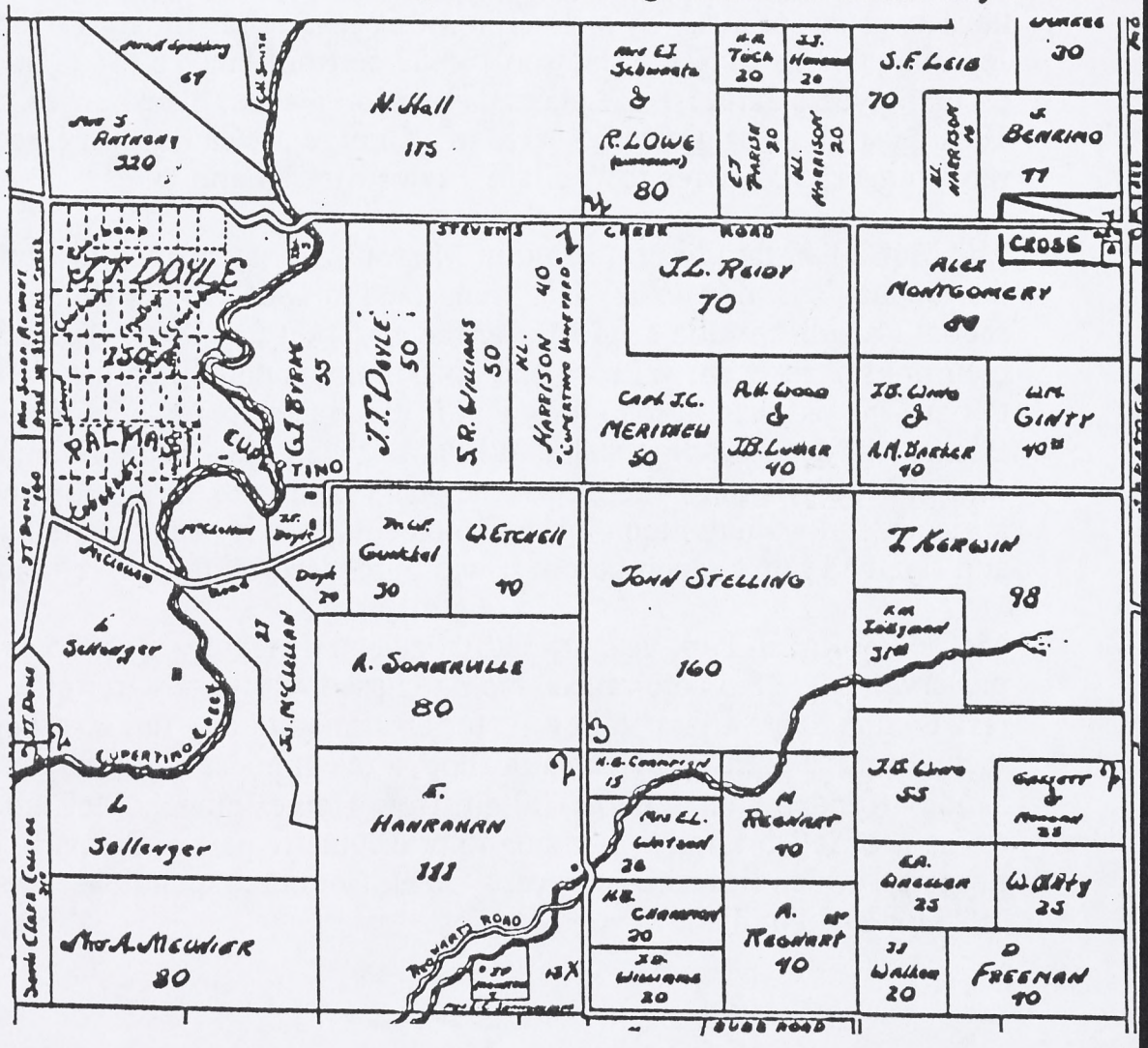
Lavina McClellan remained in the Cupertino area having married Joseph Barton, who had homesteaded nearby. See Joseph Barton.

Phoebe Evelyn married James Frederick Payne and they farmed near Campbell, CA on Payne Ave. named after him. Two grandchildren still live in Santa Clara Valley, Perley Payne, Jr., Los Gatos and Ruth Payne Gass, Campbell.

By Harold Cass
3/91

Elisha P. Stephens, 1870's

Map of Cupertino showing the landholdings within the community in 1887.



McClellan Ranch Park - A History

The first inhabitants of the oak and chaparral covered hills on the western side of the Santa Clara Valley were members of the Ohlone group of native Americans. These early people established their settlements near a dependable water source and easily available food. The Spanish arrived in this area (near present day Monta Vista High School) in 1776 with an expedition on its way to the San Francisco area to establish a presidio. They were led by Colonel Juan Bautista de Anza. They camped near a dried up stream bed (arroyo) on March 25 & 26, 1776. De Anza's cartographer, Padre Petrus Font, named the encampment at the arroyo in honor of St. Joseph of Cupertino, the patron saint of that day (on his calendar). His map depicts the arroyo and the adjacent hills. Early maps show it as Cupertino Creek although it later was called Stevens Creek (for Elisha Stephens). In 1822 Spain gave up control of the area to Mexico. Mexico parceled out the land in the form of land grants. Large land grants called ranchos would cover thousands of acres and were overrun with herds of cattle. The McClellan ranch area does not appear to have been part of any private land grant, but was surrounded by land grants. By 1848 with many Americans now living in California, all the land was ceded to the United States. The ranch area became part of public lands available for homesteading by American citizens.

The area of present day McClellan Ranch Park was settled on by Elisha Stephens. In 1844 he had traveled west from North Carolina, leading a wagon train over the Sierra Nevada Mountains. In 1848, at the end of the Mexican War, Elisha took up a 160 acre homestead on the east side of the Arroyo de San Joseph of Cupertino. His first two room shake covered house was swept away by a flood in a wet year. In February 8, 1859 he purchased from Jeremiah Clarke of San Francisco 155.57 acres of land for $855.00 (land that he had settled on many years earlier). He planted Mission grapes, blackberries, and fruit trees. In July of 1864 he sold his original 160 acres to a George McCauley. In December of 1864 he sold the remaining 155.57 acres to William Taylor McClellan.

The McClellan family originated in Missouri. They arrived in California in 1849 and bought the Stephen's land in 1862 (deed transacted in 1864). They established the first west valley school (a subscription school) near their property in 1864. The school master boarded at their house. In 1878, William and his neighbors petitioned the County Board of Supervisors to have the old wagon road through his ranch declared a county road (McClellan Road). Because of deteriorating health, William deeded the 40 acre home ranch to his unmarried son, Joseph McClellan in 1881. Over the years (and with various owners) orchards (prunes, apricots, and walnuts) took up the ranch site, then it became a dairy cattle insemination farm, and finally a horse ranch before it was purchased by the city of Cupertino.

McClellan Ranch Park was officially dedicated on July 19, 1975 as a nature and rural preserve. The 18.5 acre ranch was purchased with funds from the federal government (HUD), the Santa Clara Valley Water District, and city funds in September, 1972. The park includes three barns, a blacksmith shop, a ranch house and two pump houses. In 1977, a sundial (funded with a $5,000.00 gift from Homer Francis McClellan) was built as a memorial to the McClellan family. Although not originally part of the park, the 3.1 acre Simm's property, which lies across Stevens Creek from the ranch house, was purchased by the city in 1990 for $1.15 million.

McNary

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BARN

ACCORDING TO HISTORIAN FREEMAN TILDEN WE ALL SEEK OUR PLACE IN NATURE AND HISTORY. AND IT IS IN PRIMITIVE PARKS, UNSPOILED SEASHORE, ARCHAELOGICAL RUINS, BOTANICAL OR ZOOLOGICAL PARKS, HISTORIC AND NATURE PRESERVES--WE ARE MOST LIKELY TO FIND IT. IT IS THE PURPOSE AND THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE STEWARDS OF THOSE PLACES TO BOTH PRESERVE THEM AND TO ENCOURAGE THE VISITORS' DISCOVERY OF THEM.

MCCLELLAN RANCH PARK IS SUCH A PLACE. FOR MORE THAN 150 YEARS OF CUPERTINOS HISTORY, THE PEOPLE WHO LIVED HERE HAD AS THEIR PRIMARY LIFE AND INDUSTRY--AGRICULTURE. FIRST VINEYARDS AND THEN FRUIT ORCHARDS COVERED THE AREA WE NOW KNOW AS CUPERTINO. TODAY, WHAT WAS THE MAJOR EMPLOYER --AGRICULTURE AND ITS ASSOCIATED BUSINESSES--HAS BECOME THE SMALLEST EMPLOYER, WITH LESS THAN 200 PEOPLE CURRENTLY ENGAGED IN FARMING. OBVIOUSLY AS THE INDUSTRY DIMINISHED, SO TOO DID THE NEED FOR CERTAIN STRUCTURES--BARNS, STABLES, DRYING SHEDS, ETC. ALL WERE ELIMINATED OVER THE COURSE OF 50 -60 YEARS. THIS BARN AND SOME OF THE OTHER STRUCTURES HERE AT MCCLELLAN ARE AMONG THE FEW BUILDINGS LEFT IN CUPERTINO THAT CAN BE USED TO ENGAGE CHILDREN AND ADULTS ALIKE IN DISCOVERING CUPERTINO HISTORY AND THUS THEIR HISTORY.

BUILT AROUND 1890

THE BARN LENDS ITSELF TO PROGRAMS ABOUT FARMING, AS WELL AS TO DISPLAY OF FARM IMPLEMENTS AND TOOLS, AS WELL AS PROVIDING APPROPRIATE HOUSING OF AGRICULTURAL COLLECTIONS.

SOME OF THE COLLECTIONS THAT COULD BE USED IN THESE PROGRAMS ARE ALREADY OWNED BY THE CITY, PURCHASED FOR THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS IN THE 1970S. HELD IN PUBLIC TRUST TO BE CARED FOR AND SHARED WITH THE COMMUNITY THESE OBJECTS, FOR THE MOST PART, HAVE NOT HAD THE PROPER CARE AND HAVE BEEN LEFT TO RUST. THEY NEED TO BE INVENTORIED, IDENTIFIED, CONSERVED AND USED... OR STORED PROPERLY. THIS IS NOT ONLY A GOOD THING TO DO, BUT IT IS

PART OF THE ACCOUNTABILITY AND LIABILITY A CITY HAS TO ITS COMMUNITY WHEN IT HAS COLLECTIONS IN ITS CARE.

THE PLAN CALLS FOR NOT ONLY ASSESSMENT OF THE STRUCTURES BUT A NECESSARY ASSESSMENT OF THE OBJECTS IN THIS FORGOTTEN COLLECTION.

BLACKSMITH SHOP

IN THE 1800S MOST OF CALIFORNIA WAS AGRICULTURAL, AND MOST TOWNS ACROSS THE STATE HAD BLACKSMITH SHOPS TO TEND TO THE NEEDS OF THE FARMERS AND RANCHERS..TO MAKE SHOES FOR HORSES, FORM TOOLS AND IMPLEMENTS USED IN RANCHING, AND TO PROVIDE A SOCIAL GATHERING PLACE FOR FARMERS TO DISCUSS THE MAJOR ISSUES OF THE DAY--BE IT SOCIAL OR BUSINESS.

IN CUPERTINO, THE FIRST BLACKSMITH WAS DANIEL SUTHERLAND. IN 1888, WILLIAM BAER CAME TO CUPERTINO FROM PENNSYLVANIA AND PURCHASED THE NW CORNER OF STEVENS CREEK BLVD AND MOUNTAIN-SARATOGA ROAD (NOW DE ANZA BLVD.) THE BUSINESS RAN UNTIL 1922, WITH BOTH BAER SONS HELPING THEIR DAD OUT IN THE SHOP. CHARLES BAER CLOSED THE SHOP AND OPENED A MECHANICS GARAGE ON THE SITE. IN THE 1960S HE BUILT A REPLICA OF HIS FATHER'S SHOP, USING SOME OF THE HISTORIC WOOD FROM THE JOLLYMAN HOUSE, AND IN THE 1970S THE CITY BOUGHT THIS AND RELOCATED IT TO MCCLELLAN RANCH. THE COLLECTION OF TOOLS, FORGE AND BELLOWS WAS ALL PART OF THE PURCHASE.

IN THE PAST 25 YEARS THIS SHOP HAS SEEN VERY LITTLE USE, BUT HAS BEEN UTILIZED BY THE PROFESSIONAL FARRIERS AND BLACKSMITHS ASSOCIATION FOR THEIR OWN USE AS WELL AS FOR SOME DEMONSTRATIONS FOR SCHOOL GROUPS COMING TO THE NATURE MUSEUM. ITS COLLECTIONS, ALSO HELD IN PUBLIC TRUST, NEED TO BE INVENTORIED, MARKED AND CONSERVED. LEATHER, IRON, AND WOOD, THE MATERIALS OF MOST OF THE ITEMS IN THIS SHOP SIMPLY WILL NOT STAND TOO MANY MORE YEARS OF NEGLECT.

THE SHOP HAS THE POTENTIAL FOR WONDERFUL EDUCATIONAL PROGRAMS FOR CHILDREN, YOUTH AND ADULTS, INCLUDING SOME APPRENTICESHIP PROGRAMS FOR "HISTORIC JOBS", FOR CRAFTS WORKSHOPS, AND FOR DEMONSTRATIONS OF EARLY SKILLS SUCH AS BLACKSMITHING, SHOEING, AND OTHER ALMOST LOST PROCESSES. IT WOULD ALSO BE POSSIBLE TO MAKE REPLICAS OF TOOLS AND OTHER ITEMS THAT COULD BE SOLD IN BRING IN SOME REVENUE TO THE PROGRAMS.

THE McNARY FAMILY

By Miriam Calvert Stelling

February, 1991

David M. McNary is the head of the McNary Family and was born in Glassrock Renfrew, Scotland. He went to Dungarvon, Ireland as a land stewart. When he died there, his family and widow returned to Scotland. His brother, Martin, stayed in Ireland then eventually went to sea as a cabin boy. He first arrived in America to visit and stayed on to live, settling first in New Jersey or Pennsylvania before the Revolutionary War. He had five sons, of which Hugh McNary was one. Hugh McNary lived in Virginia and was the great grandfather of Dr. W. J. McNary, my grandfather, who was born in Muhlenberg County, Kentucky on May 14, 1848. He married Jane Hoffman, of Hopkins County, Kentucky and they had two daughters, my mother Annie Laurie and Eileen. Dr. McNary practiced medicine in Kentucky until 1891, when he moved with his family to San Jose. He practiced in San Jose until 1906, the year of the earthquake. The earthquake destroyed his office and home on South Third Street. At that point the family moved out of California, returning to San Jose a few years later.

My mother taught school after graduating from the San Jose Normal School. Her first teaching position was in Woodlake, Tulare County, California. She then taught the 3rd grade at Moreland School, and lived with Mr. and Mrs. E.J. Parrish, family friends from Kentucky. She met my father, William Calvert, when he was working in the Cupertino Store. They were married in 1908 and had one daughter, Miriam, born in 1911. We lived in Cupertino until I was eight or nine years old, when they bought a ranch at the corner of Homestead and Wright Avenue.

Annie McNary Calvert, c.1940

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Meyerholz

Copy needed
DAVID MA

The Christian Meyerholz Family
By Marie Schoppe Bartee
March 14, 1991

Christian Meyerholz (1823-1901) emigrated from Germany and married Catherine Graves (1832 - 1916) in New York on October 5, 1848. They journeyed "round the horn" on the sailing vessel "Dakota" arriving in California in the early 1850's. Mr. Meyerholz was a wheelwright by trade, but unknown circumstances caused him to become a wheat farmer in the San Leandro area. After several successful years, a blight struck the crop and the growing family moved to Cuchamunga in southern California where he was instrumental in the planting of the Cuchamunga Vineyards. During this period his eldest son, Christian Joseph, who was known as "C.J." and later became prominent in Cupertino, shot quail for a bounty of a nickel each to supplement the family income. Having once again accumulated sufficient capital to purchase land, the family moved to Cupertino in 1880 where they purchased 40 acres on the northwest corner of what is now Homestead Road and Wright for $40.00 per acre. At that time there were a number of German families living in Cupertino area. Initially grapes were planted and eventually a small winery was built with a capacity of about 100,000 gallons. When disease took the grapes, peaches were planted and finally apricots and prunes. The "old orchard" was still a producer of apricots until the land was sold and subdivided in the mid-1950's.

Christian and Catherine had eight children. Two of the children died at a very young age. One son died at age 27 from an injury sustained when he was kicked by a horse. Two daughters married and moved from the area. One daughter, Katherine, married and had a son, Carl Schoppe, who became a well-known member of the Cupertino community. The other daughter, Emma, was a spinster and became known as "Auntie Em" to one and all. "Auntie Em" continued to live on the original property until her death in 1948 at the age of 81. During her youth, the family had a lovely garden comprising almost an acre. Facing Homestead Road was a high and thick cypress hedge with the letters "Cypress Lodge" cut into it. This love of gardening carried on throughout Auntie Em's life. She was

more fond of raking up the leaves from the many oak and pepper trees that surrounded the large home her father and brother had built than she was of house-keeping. In her later years, she often called on "Tillie" Schoppe to help her find her false teeth which she had placed in some shrub or bush while she worked in her beloved garden. For some years she delivered the mail in Cupertino with a horse called "Babe" pulling the mail wagon. After "Babe" retired from the mail route she still persisted in stopping at each mail box even when she was used to go to the Cupertino General Store for supplies. Auntie Em was one of the first women in the area to own an automobile. Since she was more used to "Babe", each time she applied the brakes, she would call out "Whoa!". She taught herself to play the piano, and although she could not afford to buy one, she often managed to "store" one. A favorite selection was the hymn "In the Garden". She also took in children and cared for them much like a foster parent today. A popular pastime of Aunti Em's was card games with friends and family. Whist parties were very popular, but she also enjoyed "penny ante" poker, tucking her winnings into her belt. Occasionally, she would even smoke a cigarette, which was quite scandalous for her time. Auntie Em was very active in the community and was a member of the Cupertino Union Church, The Rebekas, Ladies Aid, and the De Oro Club.

Meyerholz and Schoppe families at Pescadero Camp

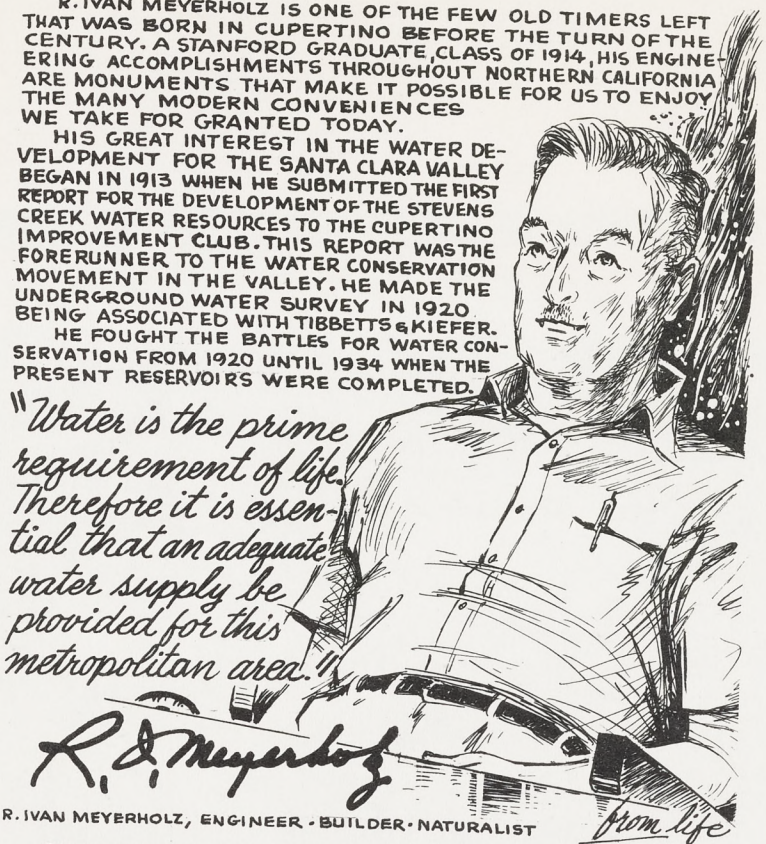
The Human Touch

by ---a. "Pete" Emig

R. IVAN MEYERHOLZ IS ONE OF THE FEW OLD TIMERS LEFT THAT WAS BORN IN CUPERTINO BEFORE THE TURN OF THE CENTURY. A STANFORD GRADUATE, CLASS OF 1914, HIS ENGINEERING ACCOMPLISHMENTS THROUGHOUT NORTHERN CALIFORNIA ARE MONUMENTS THAT MAKE IT POSSIBLE FOR US TO ENJOY THE MANY MODERN CONVENIENCES WE TAKE FOR GRANTED TODAY.

HIS GREAT INTEREST IN THE WATER DEVELOPMENT FOR THE SANTA CLARA VALLEY BEGAN IN 1913 WHEN HE SUBMITTED THE FIRST REPORT FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE STEVENS CREEK WATER RESOURCES TO THE CUPERTINO IMPROVEMENT CLUB. THIS REPORT WAS THE FORERUNNER TO THE WATER CONSERVATION MOVEMENT IN THE VALLEY. HE MADE THE UNDERGROUND WATER SURVEY IN 1920 BEING ASSOCIATED WITH TIBBETTS & KIEFER.

HE FOUGHT THE BATTLES FOR WATER CONSERVATION FROM 1920 UNTIL 1934 WHEN THE PRESENT RESERVOIRS WERE COMPLETED.



R. IVAN MEYERHOLZ, ENGINEER · BUILDER · NATURALIST

THE GROUNDWORK FOR THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A PROGRESSIVE AND HEALTHY COMMUNITY SUCH AS CUPERTINO TODAY WAS DUE IN A LARGE MEASURE TO MR. MEYERHOLZ'S CIVIC IMPROVEMENT PARTICIPATION THROUGHOUT THE PAST 50 YEARS.

- SECRETARY TO THE CUPERTINO IMPROVEMENT CLUB IN 1916 AND PRESIDENT IN 1917.
- CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF THE CUPERTINO ELEMENTARY SCHOOL DISTRICT 1932 TO 1953.
- MEMBER OF THE SANITARY DISTRICT BOARD 1954 TO 1958.
- CHAIRMAN OF THE FACT FINDING COMMITTEE FOR THE INCORPORATION FOR THE CITY OF CUPERTINO 1954-1955.
- MAYOR OF THE CITY OF CUPERTINO 1957.

DEED.

Danial Gartelman

TO

Christian Meyerholz.

Dated December 4th 1880

Recorded at the Request of

J. A. Clayton

Dec'r 7th A. D. 1880

at 23 min. past 3 o'clk P. M.,

in Liber 57 of Deeds,

page 579 Records of Santa Clara County.

W. W. Stephens

Recorder.

By J. Saye

Deputy.

J. A. CLAYTON,

LAND AND LOAN OFFICE.

No. 288 Santa Clara Street,

SAN JOSE, CAL.

Pd

2.50

State of California, } ss.
COUNTY OF SANTA CLARA.

On this ..... day of ..... A. D. one thousand eight hundred and ..... , before me, ... a Notary Public in and for the said County of Santa Clara, personally appeared .....

and ..... his wife, whose names are subscribed to the annexed instrument, known to me to be the same persons described in and who executed the said instrument, who each of them acknowledged to me that they respectively executed the same.

And the said ..... described as a married woman and the wife of the said ..... upon examination, without the hearing of her husband, I made her acquainted with the contents of said instrument, and thereupon she acknowledged to me that she executed the same, and that she does not wish to retract such execution.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Official Seal, at my office in the said County of Santa Clara, the day and year in this Certificate first above written.

.....
Notary Public

State of California, } ss.
COUNTY OF SANTA CLARA.

On the Fourth day of December A. D. one thousand eight hundred and Eighty before me, — B. F. Taylor — a Notary Public in and for the said County of Santa Clara, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared .....

— Daniel Gatelman —

known to me to be the person described in, whose name is subscribed to and who executed the within instrument, and — he — duly acknowledged to me that — he — executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Official Seal, at my office in the City of San Jose, County of Santa Clara, the day and year last above written.

B. F. Taylor
Notary Public.

Cypress Lodge, on the Homestead road, was the scene of much festivity last Wednesday evening, as the many friends of Mr. and Mrs. C. Meyerholz gathered to celebrate with them their golden wedding anniversary. Numerous congratulations were showered upon "the bride and groom," and a number of handsome gifts testified to their popularity. Among these were a writing desk, book and rocking chair, from neighbors and friends, presented with an appropriate speech by S. Lydiard; a water-set, Mrs. Starking of San Francisco; case of gold lined spoons, Mrs. Kaan, of Anaheim; gold lined berry spoon, Miss Emma Meyerholz; butter knife, Master Ivan Meyerholz; picture, Mr. Meyerholz to his wife. Mention must also be made of the ancient frying-pan with which Mrs. Meyerholz began housekeeping fifty years ago, and which only lately retired from active service to reappear among the gifts, appropreately gilded and decorated with the golden poppy. A pleasant evening was spent in conversation, singing and readings by various neighbors. Mr. and Mrs. Meyerholz delighted their friends by dancing at their golden wedding with the energy of fifty years ago. Among the guests present were Mr. and Mrs. Plass, of San Jose; Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Meyerholz, Mrs. Bell, of Vallejo; Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. G. North, Mr. and Mrs S. Lydiard, Mr. and Mrs. N. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Pash, Mr. and Mrs. N. Portar, Mr. and Mrs. E. Younglove, Mr. and Mrs. Starking, Mrs. Brown; Misses Annie Gartleman, Susie Lydiard, Bessie Doten, Althea Porter, Frances North; Messrs. J. J. Jones, W. Jones, D. Gartleman, E. Maynard, H. Lydiard, N. Brown, R. Porter, E. Younglove and C. Beall.

№ 250

Membership Certificate

This Certifies *that* Emma C. Meyerholz *is a member of the*

CUPERTINO-SARATOGA PRUNE AND APRICOT ASSOCIATION

This membership Certificate is non-transferable except under and in compliance with the rules and regulations established by the By-Laws and by the Board of Directors of this Association.

Each member shall be entitled to the voting power and property rights in the Association as set out in the Articles of Incorporation and the By-Laws.

The member above named hereby consents to and accepts the Articles of Incorporation and By-Laws of this Association as obligatory upon him.

In Witness Whereof, *the duly authorized officers of this Association have hereunto subscribed their names and caused the corporate seal to be hereunto affixed this* 19th *day of* December *1933 at Cupertino, California.*

Cupertino-Saratoga Prune and Apricot Association

By G. G. Sorgs B. *Secretary.*

By H. V. Calvert *President.*

Highway 9 from Cupertino Store

Ada and Christian Meyerholz

Montgomery

AVERY®
PV119

The Human Touch

by ---A. "Pete" Emig

AMONG THE PIONEERS OF CUPERTINO, WHOSE INFLUENCE FOR ADVANCEMENT HAS BEEN FELT THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY, IS

ALEX MONTGOMERY

1840 - 1922

UNCLE ALEX, AS HE WAS CALLED BY HIS CUPERTINO NEIGHBORS, WAS BORN AT WARREN POINT, COUNTY DOWNS, IRELAND, IN 1840 AND ARRIVED IN THE SANTA CLARA VALLEY, 1865. DURING THE FOLLOWING 57 YRS. HE MADE MANY COUNTY FIRSTS: FARMING-WHEAT, DAIRY-JERSEY CATTLE, VINEYARD, WINERY, DISTILLERY-PRUNE BRANDY, MANUFACTURING-CREAM OF TARTAR AND THE FIRST CUPERTINO GENERAL MERCHANDISE STORE AT THE HIGHWAY 9 & STEVENS CREEK ROAD INTERSECTION.

Alex Montgomery

CUPERTINO'S FIRST PHILANTHROPIST

"In his lifetime, Mr. Montgomery and his wife Mary Jane, though childless, expressed recognition of the many blessings that our Lord bestowed upon them. In gratitude for these blessings, he donated a Cupertino building site for a Protestant Church and another one for a Church of the Roman Catholic Faith."

MRS. JOHN MONTGOMERY, WHOSE HUSBAND WAS A NEPHEW TO UNCLE ALEX, HEARD THE ABOVE EXPRESSION OF MANY BLESSINGS AND GRATITUDE, DURING HIS LATER YEARS IN LIFE.

Mary Jane Montgomery, c. 1900

Alex Montgomery, c. 1900

AVERY®
PV119

Carol Murdock

Carol Murdock
By Henrietta Marcotte
September 1987

Carol Murdock came from Wisconsin to Cupertino in 1922 with her family. She was a 7th-grader when she enrolled in the Cupertino Union School on Stevens Creek Boulevard and when she graduated, she continued her education at Palo Alto High School.

Carol studied four years at San Jose State and graduated in 1931 with a degree in speech arts and a minor in general education. Her first teaching assignment was in Weed, California, but a few years later, in 1934, she was back in Cupertino, teaching at her alma mater, Cupertino Union School.

In 1949, the Cupertino Union School District opened Collins School and Carol was appointed principal. In that capacity, she was a compassionate, hard-working administrator who became much beloved by her students.

According to Diane Ikeda, a Cupertino resident who was a student at Collins School during Carol's tenure as principal, "Miss Murdock was ever present and ever caring. She never lost control and she had many admirable qualities."

Collins School grew in such numbers that it once achieved a student enrollment of 1,350. At that time, the school was forced to implement double sessions at all levels--with triple sessions at the kindergarten level. Carol remained at Collins School until she was named principal of Laura B. Stichter School in 1958.

A dedicated educator and Cupertino citizen, Carol lived on a cherry ranch on Blaney Avenue. It was only recently that she moved to Fresno to reside with her sister. Following a short illness, she passed away at a convalescent home in Fresno May 1987.

After 34 years of service to the Cupertino Union School District, Carol Murdock was honored by the district with the naming of the Carol Murdock School on Wunderlich Drive. She is to this day lovingly referred to as one of Cupertino's first ladies."

Nose

AVERY
PV119

THE NOSE FAMILY

By Arnold Nose

(As told to Judith Carson-Croes)

February 1991

The elder Mr. Nose left Fukuoda, Japan in 1907 and settled first on the island of Oahu in the Hawaiian Islands, where he worked in a candy store. When he came to the mainland and to California he came first to Agnew and worked as a laborer in the pear orchards of Brecker Ranch.

In 1920 he moved his family to the Santa Clara area where he worked as a sharecropper on the Bowers Ranch, growing berries and vegetables. Between 1913 and 1917 three children were born into the Nose family - a son Kay in 1913, a daughter Hatsue in 1915, and a second son Arnold in 1917. All three children attended the Milliken School on Lawrence Road, then to Jefferson School, which was brand new. In 1929 the family moved to Cupertino, bought property on Miller Avenue and went first into the prune business - then into strawberries and cherries. Arnold remembers only two other Japanese families in the area at that time.

In 1941 the world of the Nose family was turned upside down. They were uprooted from their property and did not return until 1946.

As Arnold Nose relates... "On December 12, at noon, I was surveying property on San Carlos (now Stevens Creek Blvd.) for irrigation when I heard on the radio that Pearl Harbor had been attacked. I jumped in the car and drove home. My family used to go to Pismo Beach and that's where my mother and father and friends were that day. Martial law had been declared and there was an 8 p.m. curfew. We had to drive to Pismo Beach and pick them up."

The Nose family stayed in Cupertino until April and then received notice in the mail that they would be evacuated to San Jose to the Santa Anita Race Track, where an internment camp had been set up. The family slept on canvas cots set up on rough

asphalt floors of the stables - with the horses. About 18,000 people were interned at that particular camp. The family stayed there for about 3 months and then were packed into trains and shipped to the Hart Mountain Camp in Wyoming - one of ten that had been set up across the U.S. At the time the Noses arrived it was 18 degrees below zero and the buildings had not been completed. They stayed at Hart Mountain for 3 1/2 years - until 1945.

Arnold Nose worked as senior steward in the camp's commissary where he met his wife-to-be, Yasuko, who had come to the camp from Los Angeles with her family.

The Hart Mountain camp - called a "project" by the U.S. officials - provided many challenges to the Noses and the other Japanese-Americans. But Arnold, philosophically, notes that it also provided some new experiences, as well. The people built baseball grounds, tennis courts, a 3-hole golf course and tried to maintain their children's education through regular attendance at school. And Arnold, after getting the necessary pass, went fishing in the Wyoming streams. He also met his wife Yasuko there; they were married in the camp in 1944.

After the war, the Nose family were lucky enough to be able to return to their property in Cupertino - something most returnees were not able to do. Mr. Nose credits his guardian and attorney, Mr. Duncan O'Neal of San Jose, with assisting the family during this hard time. Mr. O'Neal made sure that the property was rented and the mortage paid during the Nose's absence.

Upon returning to Cupertino, the Nose family waited for their home to be vacated by the renters. They first stayed in the barn on the property and then in some government barracks when these were made available for sale. At this time there were other Japanese-American families without a place to stay and the Nose family let them live in some of these same barracks.

In 1946 the family was able to get back into their home and get on with their lives. They started up their farm again, and about ten years later Arnold's bother Kay and sister Hatsue started West Valley Nursery on Miller Avenue. The nursery closed about 1979.

Arnold worked on the ranch and also went into the automobile business, into one of the Valley's Ford Dealerships. He and his wife, Yasuko, have five children - three sons and two daughters.

In 1977 Arnold Nose decided to retire. Two years later, however, he was tired of retirement and looked around for another business. Yasuko had worked in a healthfood store and they decided to open one of their own. Fall 1979 saw the opening of Shizen, a flourishing healthfood store in the Oaks Shopping Center in Cupertino.

February 21, 1991

Pavisa

AVERY
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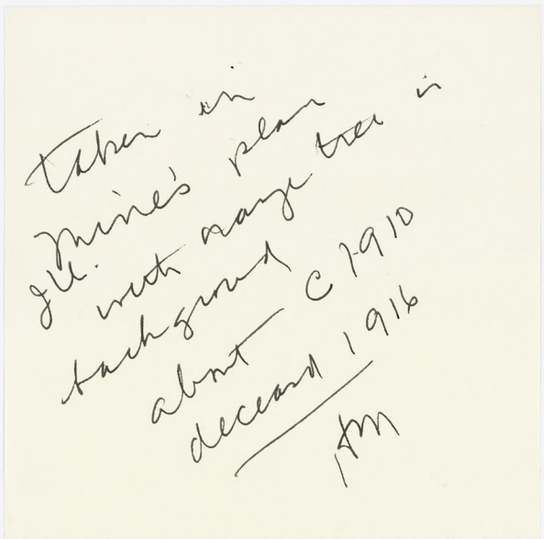

Taken in
Rhine's plan
with many trees in
background
about c 1910
deceased 1916

LUKA PAVIŠA

LUKA PAVISHA

LOUIS PAVISO

At the age of nineteen, Luka Paviša (Pavisha) left his native land to emigrate to the United States. He left his parents John and Kate Paviša and his siblings in Trsteno, Austria (now Yugoslavia), where he was born on May 26, 1867. His destination in the United States was the home of friends in San Jose. Luka followed the trade of his father, a cooper. He handcrafted oak barrels, puncheons, and tanks for the George Windler Cooperage on Santa Clara Street, near the Guadalupe River, and later for the Italian Swiss Colony Winery in Asti and the Windler Cooperage in Healdsburg. His initials, L.P., were burned in all the tanks he made; some of the barrels he made are still in use today and can be seen on the cooperage in Asti.

The Santa Clara County Register records that Luka Pavisha was naturalized in the Superior Court on February 9, 1892.

Explanation of the name

Luka Paviša is the way the name was written in Yugoslavia. When he immigrated, the name was written and pronounced "Pavisha." A cousin in Watsonville and his family go by this name.

Through court and judge's order, the name was changed to Louis Paviso sometime between 1892 and 1897.

Louis Paviso, Sr., c. 1904

HENRIETTE AND LOUIS PAVISO

Henriette Andresen and Louis Paviso were married on October 14, 1899, in Healdsburg, California. Louis worked for the George Windler cooper shop on the Russian River. He also was employed by the Swiss Colony Winery in Asti, north of Healdsburg. As of 1991, this winery is still in operation, and many of the tanks and barrels in use today are branded with Louis' initials, L.P. In Healdsburg, on December 14, 1900, Louis and Henriette's first child was born, Catherine Louise Paviso (Gasich).

Louis was in poor health, and the family moved back to San Francisco, where Anna Margaret Paviso (Bennett) was born October 14, 1902. Suffering from pneumonia several times, Louis eventually developed asthma. Breathing the air from the oak shavings and dust was harmful to his condition, and Mr. Windler advised him to come back to Santa Clara Valley, where it was warmer and drier.

The family moved to Cupertino in 1905. They lived on Joseph Wolfe's place north of Homestead and on the west side of Wolfe Road. In this farmhouse, John Louis Paviso was born November 4, 1905 (deceased 1970). It was also here that the family experienced the 1906 San Francisco earthquake, which damaged the house's chimney and tank house. Mother had to cook out of doors on a rock fireplace, like camping.

The family did their shopping at the Cupertino General Store. About a quarter of a mile north of the Cupertino Crossroads, Louis fell in love with three huge black mission fig trees on a one-acre parcel of land belonging to James Thomas, a black man who had come from Virginia as a farm laborer according to the 1880 census. After

many visits, Louis promised Mr. Thomas that the family would care for him until his death. (He died in 1907 at the age of 96 and is buried in Oak Hill Cemetery.) This property was deeded to the Pavisos, where a three-room house and barn were built in 1908; the house was enlarged as the family continued to grow.

In 1906 the family moved to Warm Springs, where Louis worked as a cooper at the Leland Stanford Winery (known today as Weibel Winery, still an active place of business). They lived in a farmhouse, whose tank house can be seen today east of Highway 680. Here Louis John Paviso was born on December 31, 1907 (deceased 1990).

Moving back to Cupertino in 1908, to remain permanently, Mr. Paviso built a large building on the corner of the property where he set up his cooper shop. He also fixed a room with a large window and door onto the Mountain View-Saratoga Road (DeAnza Boulevard today) as a real estate office. Although this enterprise did not succeed, it was the first real estate business in Cupertino. The house was also expanded to five rooms. Here Henrietta (Marcotte) was born on March 19, 1911.

Vineyards were an important part of the life of this area, the soil and climate making cultivation of grapes a productive business for the farmers. Louis was kept busy repairing and building barrels and tanks. But his health was failing, and he died at the age of 49 on November 17, 1916. He was buried in the Santa Clara City Cemetery.

Mrs. Paviso worked hard keeping her young family together. Farm animals and garden provided much of their food. All the children worked hard in the seasonal fruit crops and took minimal

jobs during the rest of the year. They all attended and graduated from Collins School, Cupertino Grammar School, and San Jose High School, and Henrietta, the youngest, was the only one to attend the new Fremont High School. Even when any of the children were ill, their mother couldn't keep them home.

In her later years, Mrs. Paviso made her home with her children, who shared the responsibility on a rotating basis. She passed away at her daughter Anna's in Antelope, California, on January 16, 1949, and her ashes were placed in her husband's grave.

Part of the acre of land was sold to son Louis, who built and started Louie's Garage in 1932, during the Depression. As of 1991, this garage (now operating as Cupertino Mercedes Service) is the only business from that era which still survives in Cupertino. After Louie's retirement in 1965, he leased the business and his family still holds the property. The remaining portion of the property was sold (today the Doughnut Wheel stands on the north corner -- a thriving and busy place in the morning), and in the course of time, the old residence was demolished -- but this was long after any of the family lived on the property.

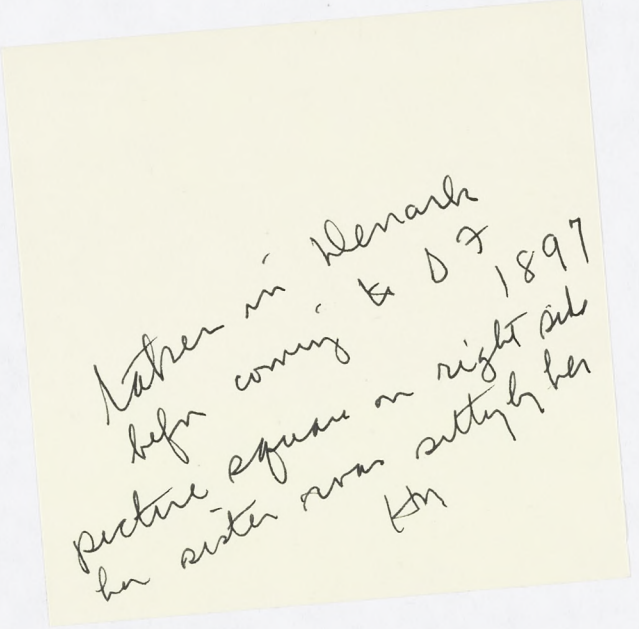
The rural life was good to us children. We worked hard during the fruit season, our mother at our side -- working hard as the rest and setting an example. The neighbor girls and boys would gather on the vacant lot where the Home Union Store stood (and now in 1991 the Standard Oil Station stands). We would play baseball, kick-the-can, and other kids' games. The big event was when a small circus came to the Crossroads and pitched its tent on the lot. Everyone became very excited. Arch Wilson would buy fireworks for his family for the Fourth of July, and he let us watch and enjoy the skyrockets and other displays. The Peninsular Railroad was our transportation, taking us to San Jose for shopping and, for the four eldest children, to attend San Jose High School. Union Church of Cupertino was the center of our religious upbringing. Like today, pot luck dinners were frequent. Individual Sunday School classes had special parties at their teacher's home. There were Easter egg hunts at the Johnson ranch near Azule crossroads. A big event was the outing when Warren Hyde fixed his big truck with seats and took the Sunday School children to Alum Rock Park, where we rode the merry-go-round, went down the big slide, and took the slide in the huge indoor pool. The adults at the church came along too and prepared lunch for everyone. Those were the days!

Henrietta Marcotte
Past President, Cupertino
Historical Society

March 1991

HENRIETTE ANDRESEN

Henriette Andresen was born in Tondern, Denmark, on February 5, 4 1870, to Ingvert Dretzen and Anna Martinsen Andresen. Granddaughter of Peter and Netta Christine (Outzen) Andresen, she was the youngest of five siblings: Christina (married to a Mr. Petersen), Anna Margetta (married to Theodore Kott, 1888), Peter Andresen (never married), and Marie (married to a Mr. Nissen). When Henriette left her family, she went first to London to work as a cook for a family there. Bringing many good English recipes with her, she came to San Francisco around 1897 to live with her Aunt Elizabeth Andresen and her seven cousins (five girls, two boys). Aunt Elizabeth had a famous bakery in San Francisco's Mission District. It was through one of her cousins, Meta Meinen, that Henriette met her future husband, Louis Paviso, who was then working in San Francisco.


Father in Denmark
before coming to D T
1897
picture represents on right side
his sister Anna sitting by her

Henriette & Louis Parise & daughter, Catherine (1901)

Henrietta Paulso Marcotte, c. 1913

picture 7

Henrietta Favero Marcotte
about 5 years old 1916
at Wm Meyers home

Hm 1994

The Safe Choices for Patient Satisfaction.

From Family Histories
Book 1

Louis Paviso, Jr., in front of his Cupertino garage, c. 1934

Photo reproduction on file w/ Documentary Art. Local Business
No negative on file

Paviso Garage

THE LOUIS PAVISO FAMILY

(Researched by Chatham Forbes)

January 1982

Louis John Paviso was born December 30, 1907 at Warm Springs, California. His father, Lukra Pavisha, immigrated from Jugoslavia, and worked as a cooper for Stanford Winery (now Weibel) making and repairing barrels. The home address was always Cupertino, and their house was on Highway 9 (now De Anza Blvd.), between Stevens Creek Blvd. and the now Highway 280. Louis' father also built water tanks for the many ranches in the area and repaired barrels for various wineries in the vicinity.

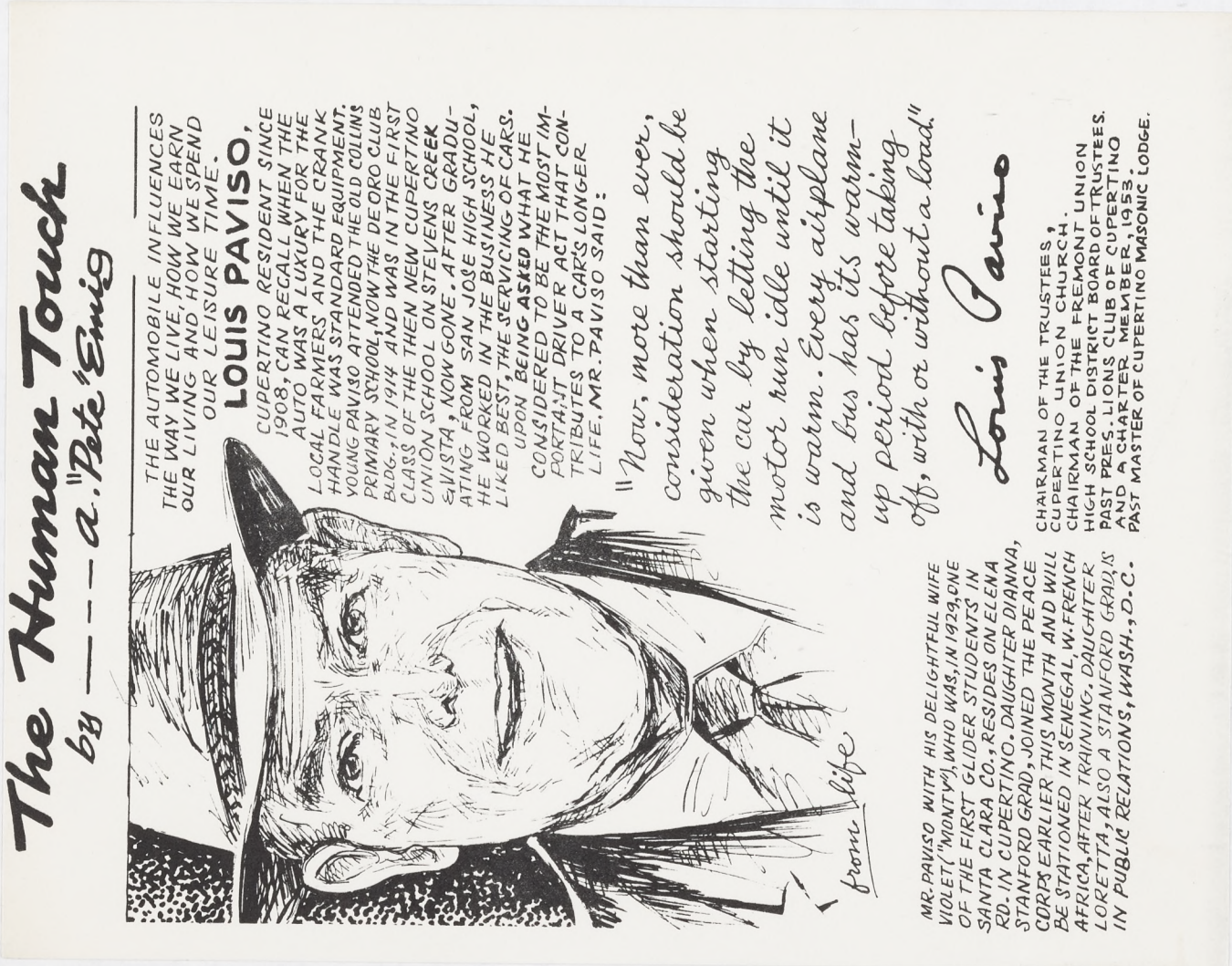
Louis was the fourth of five children - Catherine, Anna, Henrietta, Louis, and John.

Louis graduated from San Jose High School in 1926. He later attended the San Jose High School Aviation classes in 1928 and 1929 and built a biplane from parts he collected. He worked as a mechanic, then opened his own garage by the house on De Anza Blvd., and became a Gilmore Dealer ("Roar with Gilmore!"). He operated this garage from 1932 to January 1961. The garage still exists and in considered the oldest business in the Cupertino area.

Louis was well known for his daredevil approach to living and for his fascination with flying. Louis and Irving K. ("Bud") Marcotte, his sister Henrietta's husband, got their pilot licenses on the same rainy day, December 23, 1932 in San Jose. He and Bud and many others learned to fly at the early San Jose airport locations of Alum Rock Road, and later at King Road. Later they bought an old Eagle Rock biplane and flew it around the region, going as far as Fresno, and often to Santa Cruz, Rio de Mar on the cliff above the beach. They used to "chase" all over the valley. Aviation was very much a sport at that time of tailskids and guywires.

Louis married Violet Mary Swank at Deer Lodge, Montana on Sunday, January 30, 1937. Violet, known as "Monty", was then teaching at Deer Lodge. She and Louis had met in San Jose, where she was born. They settled in a home on top of San Juan Road where they had a view of the entire valley - and could watch it change. They have two daughters, Diana and Loretta. Loretta, probably inheriting some of her father's and mother's love for flying, has flown in hot-air balloons and taken hang-glider lessons. Monty was a licensed glider pilot, and has soloed in powered aircraft.

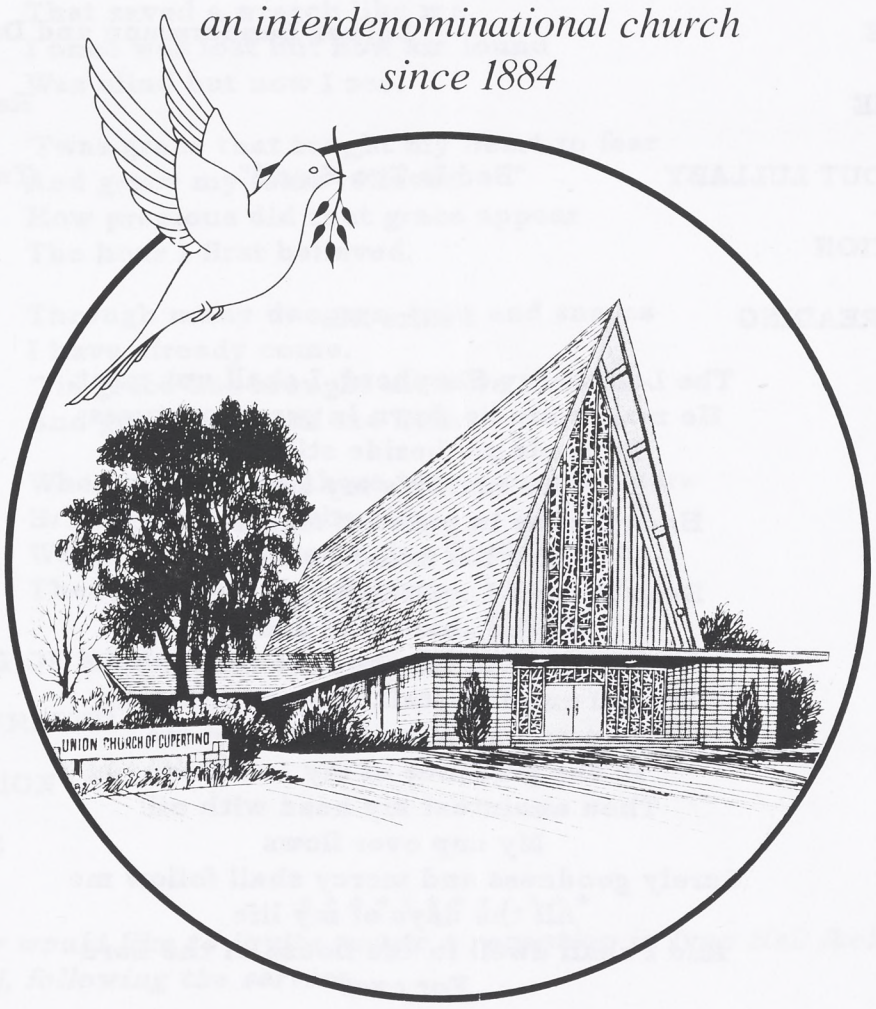
Louis was a member of the National Aeronautic Association. He also was for many years in the Cupertino Lion's Club, active in the Cupertino Masonic Lodge, The Oddfellows, and the Cupertino Union Church.



We being many are one in Christ

UNION CHURCH OF CUPERTINO

an interdenominational church
since 1884



Ministers

DR. TIM DOTY

REV. CAROL R. BARTUNEK

UNION CHURCH OF CUPERTINO • 20900 STEVENS CREEK BLVD. • CUPERTINO, CA 95014 • (408) 252-4478

MEMORIAL SERVICE

Violet "Monty" Paviso
January 4, 1911 - May 27, 1994

ORDER OF WORSHIP
May 31, 1994

PRELUDE — **Lothar Bandermann and Dorothy Papo**

WELCOME — **Rev. Tim Doty**

GIRL SCOUT LULLABY — **"Bed Is Too Small"** — **Tammy Nelson**

INVOCATION

UNISON READING — **Psalm 23**

The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want
He makes me lie down in green pastures
He leads me beside still waters
He restores my soul
He leads me in paths of righteousness
For his name's sake
Even though I walk through the valley
Of the shadow of death
I fear no evil, for thou art with me
Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me
Thou preparest a table before me
In the presence of my enemies
Thou anointest my head with oil
My cup over flows
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
All the days of my life
And I shall dwell in the house of the Lord
For ever

HYMN — **"Morning Has Broken"** — **# 38**

RITUAL OF THE EASTERN STAR

SCRIPTURE — **Romans 8:14-23, 31-39**

PASTORAL PRAYER

SPECIAL MUSIC — **"Ave Maria"** — **Tammy Nelson**

MESSAGE — **"More Than Conquerors"**

HYMN — **"Amazing Grace"**

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me.
I once was lost but now am found
Was blind but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear
And grace my fears relieved.
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils and snares
I have already come.
'Tis grace has brought me save thus far
And grace will lead me home.

When we've been there ten thousand years
Bright shining as the sun.
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Then when we first begun.

A SHARING OF MEMORIES

CLOSING PRAYER

BENEDICTION

POSTLUDE

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

The family would like to invite you to a reception in Ivan Hall (behind the Sanctuary), following the service.

The family would appreciate memorial donations made to the Cupertino Historical Society. If you would like Union Church to help, use one of our offering envelopes and hand it to an usher.

At some time in the future, a tree will be planted in memory of Monty in the Paviso memorial garden.

OBITUARY

Violet Paviso kept busy as adventurer, one-room schoolmarm, and pioneer glider pilot

Violet "Monty" Swank Paviso, who began her teaching career in a one-room school house in Montana and became at 19 the first area woman to be licensed as a glider pilot, died May 27.

For the past two years, she had lived at Villa Fontana in San Jose.

"Monty," as she was called, had admired barnstorming pilots while growing up in Montana, and at San Jose State University, she joined the flying club and became one of two female licensed glider pilots in the state, recalled her daughter, Dianna Stern.

After graduating from SJSU, the new schoolmarm taught a class of 21 students in grades 1–8 in a rural school in Wolf Point, Mont. After one year, she got a teaching job in her hometown of Deer Lodge, Mont., where she taught for three years.

On Jan. 30, 1936, she married Louis John Paviso, with whom she shared the love of flying, and moved to Cupertino.

Violet Paviso became a partner with her husband in establishing an automobile repair business and building their new home "on the hill" on San Juan Road in Cupertino in 1937, where they raised daughters Dianna and Loretta.

Violet "Monty" Paviso

The Paviso Garage was located on Highway 9, just beyond St. Joseph Catholic Church, Stern recalled.

"She kept the books and went to San Jose for parts," she added.

Paviso, always active in the community, taught Sunday school at Union Church of Cupertino and organized a Girl Scout troop here. She also helped develop the Girl Scout camp in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

"My father was an honorary Girl Scout," Stern said. Louis Paviso died in July 1990.

Violet Paviso helped build the first community center here, near Collins Elementary School, and was an active member of the local Parent-Teacher Association. She established a social club for teens, the Cub's Cafe Club, which still exists. She was a member of the American Field Service, the Cupertino Historical Society and the Order of the Eastern Star.

She also performed with the Sunnyvale Step Swingers, a folk dance group, and a member of the Santa Clara County Orchid Society.

During the 1950s, Paviso hosted many community activities and was "an entertainer par excellence," her daughter said. She was past president and an active member of the Cupertino De Ora Club.

When her daughters graduated from college, Paviso returned to teaching as a substitute physical education teacher. In her 70s, she combined her love of travel with the joy of helping people plan their own trips and became a travel agent.

"She was still getting people tickets three days before she died," Stern said. "She was very active all of her life."

Paviso is survived by her brother, Douglas Swank, a resident of Villa Fontana in San Jose; her daughters, Dianna Paviso Stern of Washington, D.C., and Loretta Paviso Stagen of Connecticut; and three grandchildren, Corinne M. Torkelson of Chicago, Randall T. Stagen of Dallas, and Jake Paviso Stern, stationed with the U.S. Navy in Virginia.

A memorial service was held June 2 at Union Church of Cupertino. The family asks that contributions in Paviso's name be made to the Cupertino Historical Society.

The Neighbor June 8, 1994

Meetings are held the third Tuesday of each month at 7:30 p.m. at City Hall. Applicants must live in Cupertino, and commissioners serve without compensation.

The City Council will conduct interviews with applicants at the beginning of July.

Smoking rules take effect August 1

Although, Cupertino's new ordinance banning smoking in workplaces and enclosed restaurants took effect June 1, the city will not begin enforcing the new rules until August 1.

The delay is to allow restaurant owners and other businesses to make changes in their operations so they will be in compliance with the ordinance, according to city officials.

In addition to banning smoking in restaurants and places of employment, the ordinance:

- Requires 50 percent of hotel/motel rooms to be non-smoking.
- Prohibits smoking in all enclosed areas of buildings that are open to the public.
- Allows smoking in stand-alone bars.
- Allows smoking in private meeting rooms and banquet rooms as long as ventilation requirements are met.

brings the total proposed allotment for the Library Commission to $73,685.

This could be considered a major change in a year when "status quo" seem to be the watchwords.

"We're trying to hold everything stable, and hopefully in 1995, we'll see some improvement," Cupertino City Manager Don Brown said.

In the upcoming year, total city expenditures are estimated at $27.8 million, while revenues are anticipated to be $29.6 million, leaving a healthy $1.8 million margin of comfort. These figures amount to a 2 percent decline in expenditures from fiscal 1994 and a 4.8 percent growth in general-fund revenues.

Despite the city's good fiscal health, sales-tax revenues, which comprise 58 percent of general-fund tax revenues, are expected to remain flat again this year, according to Blaine Snyder, city director of administrative services. Shopping in Cupertino will not only help fund the beleaguered library, but will also help ensure that city services remain top-notch, he said.

Highlights of this year's proposed city budget include across-the-board salary increases for employees, the transition of City Attorney Chuck Kilian and his secretary from contract employment to city employment in 1995, capital-improvement funding, and a $5,000 allocation to the Highway 85 Community Grand Opening Celebration.

The largest proposed departmental funding increase is for Santa Clara County Sheriff's Department law-enforcement services, which are estimated to cost $4.1 million next year, up from $3.9 million last year. Snyder attributed the increase to higher operating costs at the sheriff's level and higher booking fees.

take effect until after the November 1995 election. Councilmembers now make $486 per month, and Cupertino Planning Commission members earn $15 per meeting.

Other action taken at the meeting includes bumping up the Fine Arts Commission budget $2,000 to $22,300 and adding $1,750 to the Human Services Department budget, which has been at $35,000 for six years.

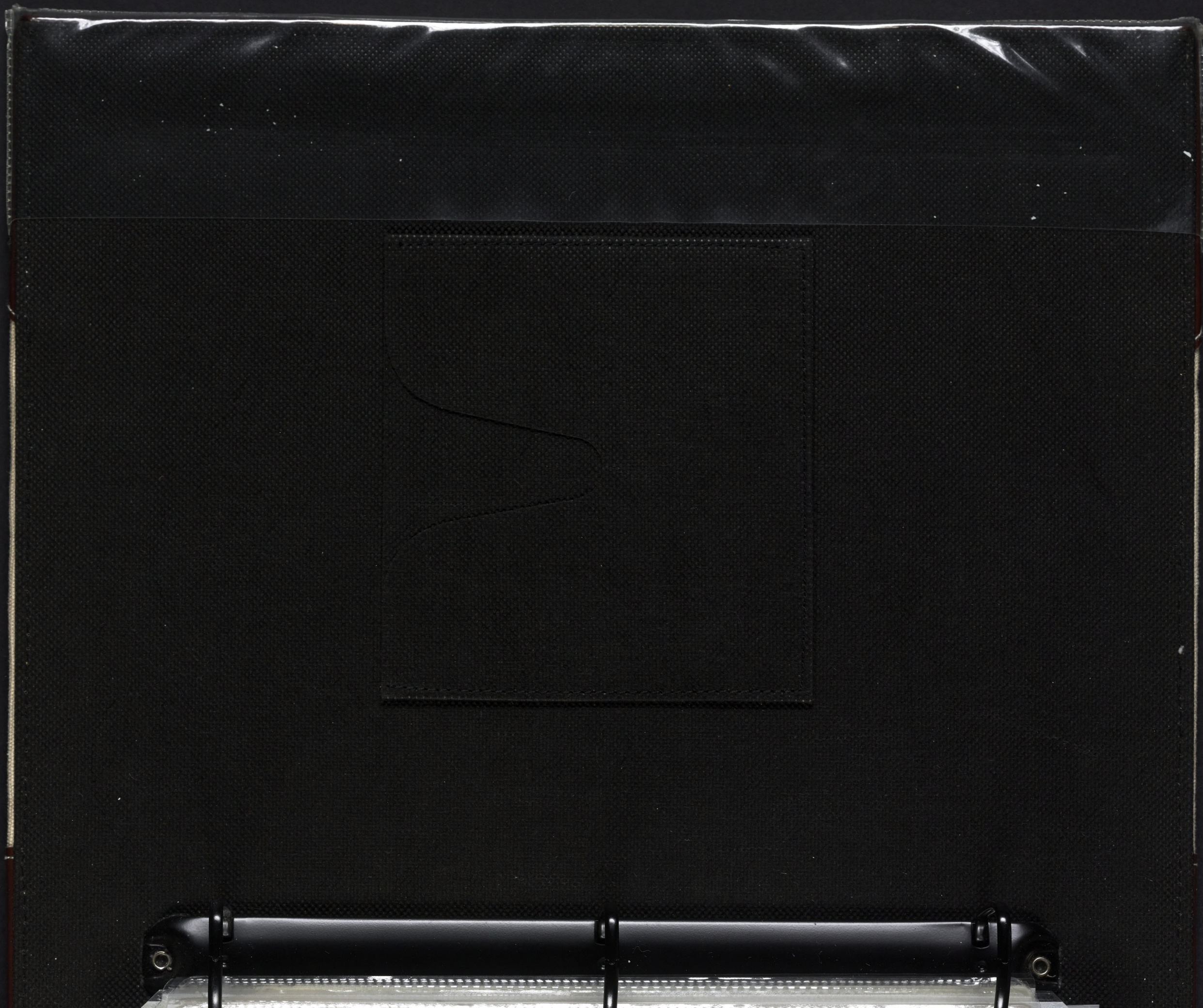
The city's Parks and Recreation Department, which administers programs such as Blackberry Farm, the Monta Vista Recreation Center and the Quinlan Community Center, has an expenditure budget of $2.7 million for next year, up from $2.4 million last year.

The Public Works Department's new budget is $10.6 million, up from $9.9 million last year. The department is in charge of street and traffic-signal maintenance, water treatment and maintaining school grounds and is taking charge of maintenance of Fremont Older Elementary School for the first time next year.

The Community Development Department's budget is only slightly higher than last year, up to $1.34 million from $1.33 million.

The Public Safety Commission budget has been set at $370, the Recreation Commission's allocation is $6,390, and the Affordable Housing Commission's allotment is $3,240.

The city manager's budget line item is listed as $181,055 for the year. The city manager now receives a salary of $9,271 per month. Department heads receive the following monthly salaries: community development director, $5,566–$7,001; public-works director, $6,227–$7,831; park and recreation director, $5,275–$6,713; and administrative services director,



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